

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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TO THEE.

I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once-opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone!
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
Sunday Magazine.

SONNET.

My life was like a tranquil stream that flowed,
Shielded by shelt'ring boughs from storm and
heat,
Between low banks, sloping from meadows
sweet,
Where sheep-bells clinked and idle cattle lowed;
While on its surface morning's pure light
showed
No movement harsher than the eddying curl
Round some weed-tangled stone, or dancing
whirl
Where rushes thickened; till above me glowed
The fierce light of thy love, which fiercer grew,
Till at high noon there gathered all around
A lurid storm-glare, and the scene I knew
Changed all its aspect. With a restless sound
The troubled stream, rising, o'erawpt the sea;
Then a mad torrent thundered to the sea.

Tinsley's Magazine.

BINDING SHEAVES.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

HARK! a lover binding sheaves
To his maiden sings;
Flutter, flutter go the leaves,
Larks drop their wings.
Little brooks for all their mirth
Are not blithe as he.
"Give me what the love is worth
That I give thee.

"Speech that cannot be forborne,
Tells the story through:
I sowed my love in with the corn,
And they both grew.
Count the world full wide of girth,
And hived honey sweet,
But count the love of more worth
Laid at thy feet.

"Money's worth is house and land,
Velvet coat and vest.
Work's worth is bread in hand,
Ay, and sweet rest.
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?
Ah! she sits above,
Sighing, 'Weigh me not with earth,
Love's worth is love.'"

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

As I came round the harbour buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked harbour stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candlelight
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
O sweetly my love sings;
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs,
As the shining water leaped of old
When stirred by angel wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream,
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbour lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof,
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear,
All for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low,
By the flickering candle's gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

From The London Quarterly Review.
ALBERT DURER.*

IN the architectural aspect of cities, as in other things, "the old order changeth, giving place to new," and doubtless, on the whole, the change is right and lawful. But even to those who can acknowledge the advantage of wide and healthy streets, of increased facilities for locomotion—who recognize that each succeeding generation has the first claim to the accommodation which the world affords—even to those there is something often inexpressibly sad in the rapid disappearance of the relics of the past. There are cities—Paris in chief—whose topography occupies a place in the history of mankind, and whose memories are harshly disturbed by wholesale demolition, and the substitution of those rectilinear streets that "are rather monotonous in an art point of view," as M. Thiers once said. There are others, like Rouen, where the stucco and plate-glass of to-day harmonize ill with the grey tones and quaint diversity of former times; and others again, like Florence, which are suffering from the influx of a new population and the erection of suburban villas. Much of the change is inevitable; some of it, as we said, is right. But still it is impossible to watch without regret the parting of the visible links that bind us to the past, the transformation of the scenes among which our forefathers played their part in life's drama.

Fortunately, however, in the case of the great German artist of the Reformation, we are not reduced to a painful conjecturing of the outward influences by which he was surrounded. What Nuremberg was when Albert Dürer occupied the house in the Zissel-strasse that still bears his name, it still is in its essential features:—a town picturesque and irregular, huddled within its fortifications at the foot of a sand-stone rock which is surmounted by a castle, the

rock itself being set in the midst of a dry but fertile plain. It is a town of narrow streets and unsymmetrical houses—houses with high-pitched red roofs, and overhanging "dormer" windows; a town breathing of thrift and industry, whose peculiar character Mr. Ruskin has defined as a "self-restrained, contented, quaint domesticity." In one respect, indeed, the place has changed since the fifteenth century. Then it was a busy manufacturing and commercial centre.

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land,"

was the proud saying of the citizens. Its wares were sent to every market in Christendom. Now its manufactures are quite unimportant, and commerce flows through other channels. But, even with this deduction, there are still enough of the old elements to enable us to picture to ourselves the free imperial city of those days, to people it with its busy burghers and comely house-wives, to conjure up its paternal government of Rath (or Council) and its many guilds.

And the account which Albert Dürer himself has left of his parentage and earlier years comes to us fraught with the spirit that dwelt in those old walls. There is a pathos in its homeliness and simplicity; and, moreover, it throws so gentle a light upon the artist's own mind, and contains so succinct and yet so real a record, that we shall not venture to weaken it, as Mrs. Heaton has done, by a paraphrase. It will be observed that he never mentions his father without some expression of endearment or respect. The "family history," drawn up in 1524, when the writer was fifty-three, runs as follows:—

"I, Albrecht Dürer, the younger, have sought out, from among my father's papers, these particulars of him, where he came from, and how he lived and died holily. God rest his soul! Amen.

"Albrecht Dürer, the elder, was born in the kingdom of Hungary . . . at a village called Eytas, where his family occupied themselves with oxen and horses. My grandfather was called Anthony, and he betook himself to the town when still a young man, and learned the goldsmith's art. He married a maiden called Elizabeth, and they had four children, one girl,

* 1. *The History of the Life of Albrecht Durer of Nurnberg*, with a Translation of his Letters and Journal, and some Account of his Works. By Mrs. CHARLES HEATON. Macmillan and Co. London. 1870.

2. *Albert Durer; his Life and Works*, including Autobiographical Papers and Complete Catalogues. By WILLIAM B. SCOTT. Author of *Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts*. Longmans, Green, and Co. London. 1900.

Catherine, and three sons. The eldest son was Albrecht, my dear father, who became also a goldsmith, and was a skilful and truthful man. . . . My dear father travelled into Germany, and also lived long in the Netherlands, knowing there many great artists. He at last came here to Nuremberg in 1454, on St. Louis' Day* (August 25th), the very day on which Philip Pirkheimer held his wedding, and there was a great dance under the lime trees. Then my dear father entered himself with Joseph Haller, who became my grandfather; for, after a long service, up to the year 1467, my father having asked him for his daughter Barbara, then a fair and handy maiden of fifteen, they were married eight days before St. Vitus. . . . My dear parents had between them all these children that follow, as I have copied them from the book word for word."

After this follow no less than eighteen entries, of which the *third* is as follows:—

"At six o'clock on St. Prudentia's Day, the Friday in Holy Week,† 1471, my house-wife bore another son, to whom Anthony Koberger was godfather, and named him after me, Albert."

The eighteen entries copied from the record kept by his father being ended, the narrative continues:—

"All these, my dear father's children, are now dead, some very young, some living a little longer, except three; and those who still live, as long as God pleases, are Andrew, Hans, and myself Albert.

"My father's life was passed in great struggles, and in continuous hard work. With my dear mother bearing so many children, he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him. He had thus many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honourable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. He indulged himself in few pleasures, spoke little, shunned society, and was, in truth, a God-fearing man.

"My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honour of

God. He made us know what was agreeable to others as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbours; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life. For me, I think, he had a particular affection, and, as he saw me diligent in learning, he sent me to school. When I had learned to write and read he took me home again, with the intention of teaching me goldsmith's work. In this I began to do very well. But my love was towards painting, much more than towards the goldsmith's craft. When at last I told my father of my inclination, he was not well pleased, thinking of the time I had been under him as lost if I turned painter. But he let me have my will; and in the year 1486, on St. Andrew's Day, he settled me apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth, to serve him three years. In that time God gave me diligence to learn well, spite of the pains I had to suffer from the other young men. And when the three years were out, my father sent me away. I remained abroad four years, when he recalled me; and as I had left just after Easter in 1490, I returned home in 1494, just after Whitsuntide. And now, when my *Wanderjahre* was over, Hans Frey treated with my father, and gave me his daughter, by name the jungfrau Agnes, with a dowry of 200 guildens. Our wedding was held on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day in the year 1494."

So far speaks Dürer; and in order to set his narrative in its true frame, and to realize the precise period of history to which belong the twenty-three years that elapsed between his birth and his settling down as an artist in Nuremberg, it is only necessary to remember that the year 1471 carries us back to the reign of our own Edward IV., to the Wars of the Roses, to a date anterior to the murder of the Princes in the Tower; that when Dürer was about twelve, Luther was born; that when he was twenty-two, Columbus brought back to Ferdinand and Isabella the wondrous news of the lands lying beyond the western sea. As regards the arts, never has there been, before or since, a quarter of a century so prolific of genius. Within its span were born Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Sebastian del Piombo, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, and Holbein, to name but the greatest. In short, these three-and-twenty years coincided with the setting of the Middle Ages, with the dawn of the Renaissance, the seed-time of the Reformation, the com-

* This is the date given by Mr. Scott. The *Edinburgh Review*, for July, 1861, says St. Aloysius. Mrs. Heaton says St. Eligius' Day (25th June), 1455. The German, as given by Campe, is St. Eloye, and we hold the right translation to be Eligius, or in French Eliot, a saint well known in French nursery rhymes.

† There is considerable doubt respecting the exact date meant.

mencement of a wonderful series of maritime discoveries and commercial enterprises—a period big with great things and crowded with great men.

Of Dürer's life during these years scarcely anything is known beyond what he himself has told us; and the ingenious conjectures that have been made respecting the precise localities which he visited during his student years are idle in the extreme. One record of his childhood, however, should not be passed over. It is a portrait, now in the Albert collection at Vienna, and of which there is a copy among the Dürer drawings in the British Museum,—a portrait of the lad as he was at the age of thirteen, and bearing this inscription, added in subsequent years: "This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass in the year 1484, when I was still a child." The face, notwithstanding the relative imperfection of the drawing, is interesting and thoughtful, almost melancholy. The eyes are large and intelligent; the nose long, delicate, and slightly aquiline; the mouth small but full; the forehead hidden by the hair, which is cut across it in mediæval fashion. Nor was the promise of physical beauty, to which this portrait bears witness, belied in after life. All his subsequent portraits confirm it. And he was very proud of this beauty, and took great pains to preserve it, and to set it off to the best advantage, not apparently from any foppish feeling, but simply from an artist's delight in what was pleasant to the eye.

We have said that there is little to be added to Dürer's account of his early years. There is little also to be gathered respecting his training as a painter. Of the extent to which he was influenced, whether for good or evil, by the master to whom he was apprenticed by his father, it is difficult to form a very accurate estimate. For though pictures attributed to Wohlgemuth are not rare in German galleries, yet few are well authenticated, and we do not recollect having come across any in this country. So far as we can gather, however, he seems to have been a painter of no particular originality or feeling, executing his work in a dry and archaic manner. Tradition asserts that Dürer also studied under Martin Schongauer, usually called in admiration

Martin Schön, but of this there is no direct evidence; and, as the older master is supposed to have died between the years 1486 and 1488, any prolonged intercourse must have been impossible. The negative testimony of Dürer's silence is also very strong. But he is known to have been received with affection by Schön's brothers; and though Schön himself may never have taught him anything by word of mouth or direct personal example, there can be no doubt of the influence of his works. In the case of one or two early engravings, indeed, Dürer did not disdain to copy his predecessor, the difference of the monogram showing, however, that no deception was intended. But, even apart from direct imitation, there is great similarity of spirit and workmanship between the two men. Schön had certainly less genius and versatility, less grasp of thought and power of hand. He is more rugged and ungraceful. Nevertheless, there are those among his works which remind us forcibly of Dürer, and which the latter need not have been ashamed to sign. The "Christ Bearing the Cross" is one of them.

In estimating the works which Dürer produced during the thirty-four years that elapsed between the date of his settling down in Nuremberg and his death—in trying to appreciate the value of his legacy to the world—it is necessary to bear in mind the form of art to which those works belong. Raphael, with whom he had corresponded and exchanged drawings,* said of him, "Truly this one would surpass us all had he, as we have, the masterpieces of art always under his eyes." It was a generous exclamation—we should expect no less from such a speaker²—and yet only the expression of a half truth. The antique would have done little for Dürer; it would not have been to him what it was to the great Italian artists of the Renaissance, the food on which their genius was nurtured and fed. He belonged to a different art family, to one equally prolific of great

* There is a sketch in red chalk in the Albert Collection at Vienna bearing this inscription in Dürer's handwriting: "Raphael di Urbino, who is so highly esteemed by the Pope, has drawn this study from the nude, and has sent it to Albrecht Dürer, at Nuremberg, to show him his hand," i.e. mode of execution.

things, and equally entitled" to recognition and honour. For if to the one family we are indebted for the architecture and the poetry of Greece and Rome, for the painting of the Renaissance, for the drama of Racine, Corneille and Molière — these are, of course, but flying illustrations — to the other we owe all that is mere poetry in Isaiah and the Psalms, Gothic architecture and the plays of Shakespeare. This is an old question, of course, It was contested fiercely in France by the generation of 1830, which divided itself into two hostile camps, that blazoned the words "classical" and "romantic" on their banners. But a settlement by ordeal of battle proved impracticable. Passions have now grown cooler. It is gradually being discovered that the world of art is large enough to include both ideals. The efforts of later writers have been directed rather to defining the limits of the influence of both schools — not, however, very successfully. For the spirit which animated them has embodied itself so fitfully in various races, periods, and individuals, as to elude any very exact classification — whether it be that of M. Taine, who regards the difference as inherent to the Teutonic and Latin races, or of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who would have us consider it as distinctive of the Hebrew and the Greek.

It is not our intention to attempt any exhaustive analysis of the principles by which the two schools are animated. Suffice it to say, generally, that while the "classical" artist, be he poet, painter, architect or sculptor, regards art as the setting in order and presentation of what is beautiful and dignified in Nature, to the exclusion of all that is inharmonious, ungraceful, or obscure, the "romantic" artist looks upon art rather as the mirror of nature, seeking less to order and arrange than to grasp and give form to its shifting multitudinous details, its contrasts, and even its uglinesses. This is susceptible of a great variety of illustration. It will be enough for our purpose, however, to show the immense difference that separates the designs and engravings of Dürer from those of his great Italian contemporary, Marc Antonio, whose best works were executed from Raphael's drawings, and in his studio under his immediate eye. In the latter the engraver's object had evidently been beauty, beauty not of texture and technical detail — in this we judge that he did not approach his German rival — but beauty of form, grace of line, and harmony of composition. There is no crowding, no triviality, no physical ugliness — though sometimes, be it said, moral deformity.

But if we turn to Dürer's works we find ourselves in a different world. The sublime, the beautiful, and pathetic, the homely, the grotesque — though never, be it said to his honour, the impure — all are inextricably mingled. In the most solemn scenes of the Passion he does not hesitate to introduce his favourite dog, a funny little animal, something between a French poodle and a Skye terrier. In one of his Madonnas a chained monkey sits complacently in the foreground. In another two or three rabbits frisk gaily. The pigs in the engraving of the "Prodigal Son" have evidently been touched with a loving hand. The figures who crowd the scenes of Our Lord's life wear the features and quaint garb of the burghers of Nuremberg, in the fifteenth century. Gossips sit tasting the caudle in the lying-in chamber at the birth of the Virgin. In two of the woodcuts of the *Apocalypse* the doleful faces given to the Sun and Moon produce a very strange effect. Vasari says, that when Dürer "had to design from the nude form, for want of better models, he took one or other of his apprentices, and these must have had very ill-formed figures; as, indeed," adds the Italian, "the Germans generally have when they are undressed, although one sees many in those countries who appear to be fine men when they are dressed." Fine or not fine, dressed or undressed, Dürer drew the world as he saw it, and hence his work has in it a most attractive element of life.

His first important work — the woodcuts of the *Apocalypse*, published in 1498 — may be described as a great attempt to grapple with the impossible; for the imagery of what Milton described, in his majestic prose, as a "high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" — that imagery is unpaintable. Barely can words, which are a far vaguer vehicle than drawing, convey to the mind any adequate idea of the sights witnessed by St. John at Patmos when he was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. The pencil is powerless to deal with forms that are unfamiliar, or bear no analogy to those we habitually see. We may, for instance, by a vigorous exercise of the imagination, conceive the grandeur, rather than the definite appearance, of a Being whose "head and whose hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace," and who had "in his right hand seven stars," and out of whose "mouth went a two-edged sword, and whose countenance was as the sun shining in his

strength." But, evidently, any endeavour to paint such a being could only result in something grotesque and almost monstrous. And this is only one instance among many of the pictorial difficulties of the Book of the Revelation. Still, in Dürer's case, the old adage, that it is "great to fail in great attempts," holds good. There is a single-minded realism and literalness in his designs, an evident desire to draw what St. John saw, which—to say nothing of the passages of quiet beauty in the underlying landscapes, and the quaint power of the conceptions—give a great charm to these works. Mrs. Heaton—and the extract may serve as a specimen of her style at its best—says of the fourth cut:—

"What other artist than Albrecht Dürer could have rendered with such fierce breathing life that awful figure of Death on the pale horse treading down in avenging wrath the fourth part of the earth? Unlike the other riders, who appear urged on by some mighty impulse to fulfil God's judgments on mankind, Death seems driven by fierce demoniac rage. Hell, indeed, follows close behind him in the shape of the wide-opened jaws of a monster into which a king-crowned head is sinking. Even the horse he bestrides betrays a feeling of devilish spite that is quite different to the noble anger of the animal ridden by the rider who swings the balance aloft with mighty outstretched arm."

This is partly true; and yet, with all their malice, there is something of decrepitude, both in the steed and the grisly spectre who bestrides him, that harmonizes ill with our conception of the mighty conqueror to whom, and to whose terrible train, was given "power over the fourth part of the earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." Another very fine cut is that in which Michael is thrusting his spear with both hands into the dragon, who sinks in the air beneath him. The face, which is that of a man in middle age, is stern and set; and, though Satan and his angels are defeated, it is not without effort. And here again it is impossible not to contrast this design, crowded with the tumult of conflict, and that picture of the same subject by Raphael, now in the hall of masterpieces at the Louvre, in which the young conqueror, radiant and irresistible; springs on to the shoulder of his prostrate foe, and spears him as he passes.

These woodcuts of the *Apocalypse*, which are most vigorously executed, and created a revolution in the art of wood engraving, raise a very interesting question, viz., whether Dürer cut his own blocks, or contented himself with drawing his designs on

the wood. Mrs. Heaton thinks that, as regards this first work, he did so cut them. She thinks so partly on technical grounds, and partly because he could not probably at that date have been able to pay any one to do the work for him. Indeed, looking at the previous condition of the art, it seems unlikely that he could then have found any one qualified for the task. But, as regards his subsequent woodcuts, the case is different; and the arguments advanced by Jackson, in his *History of Wood Engraving*, tend to show that, in all probability, the mechanical part of the work was not done by Dürer.

The most important of these subsequent woodcuts are the three series entitled the *Life of the Virgin**, the *Great Passion*, and the *Little Passion*, all published in 1511. They consist, in all, of some sixty-nine prints, which are of the most varied character—homely, for the most part, in the scenes from the Virgin, and often grand and pathetic in those from the life of our Lord. Perhaps the most purely beautiful—we do not forget the fine figure of Adam in the descent into hell—is that of the Madonna sitting with her child in the crescent moon. But her betrothal is also very graceful and idyllic, and her crowning in heaven a grand conception. As regards the *Passion*, no artist, with whom we are acquainted, has more thoroughly realised the idea of Our Lord as the Man of Sorrows, bowed down by the weight of the sins of the world.† Some of the other prints are marred, like too many pictures of similar subjects, by the exaggerated cruelty of Christ's tormentors, and the needless barbarity to which He is subjected. Still, here it should be remembered that these illustrated histories were addressed to a strong, coarse age, that possessed but few books, and but a slight knowledge of reading. They were the literature of the people. And there is something in their evident sincerity and bold realism which, apart from the artistic excellences lurking in their quaint and antiquated forms, contrasts very strongly with the flashy designs, so evidently aiming at mere scenic display, of a popular draughtsman who has just illustrated the Bible.

* Bernard Palissy incidentally mentions this series in giving expression to a grievance:—"Hast thou not seen also what injury the engravers have done to the scientific painters? I remember to have seen the stories from the life of Our Lady boldly engraved after the designs of a German named Albert, which stories had come into such contempt owing to the great numbers printed, that each was sold for two farthings, notwithstanding that the designs were of a good invention."

† The subject was a favourite one with Dürer. The print to which we here refer forms the title-page to the *Great Passion*.

And this leads us to examine a question raised by Mr. Ruskin in a very striking chapter of the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*. In that chapter he describes, with his accustomed and perhaps too hasty eloquence, the sorrow and doubt that fell upon the world when the old faith was shrivelled up in the fires of the Reformation, and "the heavens themselves seemed to have deceived those who had trusted in them." Then men cried:—

"We had prayed with tears; we had loved with our hearts. There was no choice of way open to us; no guidance from God or man, other than this, and behold it was a lie. 'When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all truth.' And He has guided us into no truth. There can be no such Spirit. There is no Advocate, no Comforter. Has there been no Resurrection? And then came the Resurrection of Death. Never since man first saw him, face to face, had his terror been so great. 'Swallowed up in victory!' Alas! no; but king over all the earth. All faith, hope and fond belief were betrayed. Nothing of futurity was now sure but the grave."

And Mr. Ruskin proceeds to consider the effect which this horror of great darkness produced upon two artists very different in themselves and very differently circumstanced, Albert Dürer and the Neapolitan whom Michelet has called, not unjustly, *ce damné Salveator*.

It seems unnecessary very seriously to consider whether such were generally the fruits of the Reformation; at any rate, for those who accepted and hailed it. It may, however, have borne only such a Dead Sea apple for Dürer. But, before examining this, it is as well to note that the engraving of the "Melancholia," which Mr. Ruskin regards as Dürer's comment on this sorrowful state of things, was published in 1514; and as Luther's Theses were posted on the doors of the church at Wittemberg only three years afterwards, the comment must, at any rate, be deemed premature. Still, it might, of course, be possible, quite apart from this particular point, that, with the decay of the old faith, Dürer should become a practical Sadducee, looking upon Death as the unconquered king of terrors, and upon the grave as bounding the horizon of our hopes and fears. It might be possible certainly; who can measure the effect that such an upheaval as the Reformation would produce upon each individual mind? But is there any evidence to this effect? We confess that we know of none. The works on which we have already commented, the *Apocalypse*, the *Life of the Virgin*, the *Great and Little Passion*, breathe, as we

think, a spirit of practical, real devotion, untinged, and this is very noteworthy in the woodcuts of the *Life of the Virgin*, with any excessive superstition. These, however, are early productions. But is there any change in those that came later, any hopelessness or denial of the life to come in what is left of his writings? The "family history" was drawn up in 1524, when Luther's blows against the Papal edifice had resounded through Germany; it does not express the feelings of a man whose beloved father was lost to him for ever. The journal of the voyage to the Netherlands, which contains so eloquent a testimony to Dürer's admiration for the great Reformer, seems clouded by no such doubts. And if we turn to the works in which the artist threw his whole soul, to his engravings, and drawings, and paintings, we shall find, indeed, many things hard to understand, many riddles difficult to read, thoughts of sorrow and death, such as oftentimes haunt the darker imaginations of the north; but the desolation of utter scepticism, so far as we can perceive, never. It was no jaded and disappointed inquirer who, in bequeathing his latest works, the large panel pictures of St. Peter and St. John, St. Mark and St. Paul, to his native city of Nuremberg, affixed to them an inscription warning all Christian kings and rulers not to add or to take from the blessed Word, or to mistake man's wisdom for God's decrees.

We have said that the mystery of Dürer's works is sometimes difficult to unravel. There are several of his engravings that might be instanced in corroboration of what we hold to be truth, viz., it is vain to express, by means of one art, what can more naturally and completely be expressed by means of another. Detailed word painting of visible objects is, at best, even in the hands of the greatest masters, only a sorry substitute for the painting of the brush. And similarly some of Dürer's deepest thoughts regarding things invisible come to us veiled and uncertain, because he clothed them in form rather than in words. Many of the prints are exceedingly rare, and without the aid of illustrations it is difficult to show this by any great variety of instances. But, fortunately for our purpose, two of the best known are also the most subtle in intention, and have given rise to the greatest variety of interpretation. All are acquainted with that grand engraving—very grand in all technical qualities—of "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," which, falling into congenial soil, bore fruit in Fouqué's graceful romance of *Sintram*. How variously this design has been com-

mented upon! To some, to the greater number, the old knight has seemed the type of the Christian warrior. He has left Satan behind him, baffled, but still dogging his course; he does not heed the grisly phantom who holds an hour-glass before him, and from whose horse's neck rings the sound of a passing bell. For all his horrible attendants, he does not even hasten his charger's steady steps through the valley of the shadow of death towards the heavenly city of which the towers gleam in the distance. Others again, and this view is strongly advocated by Mr. Scott, hold that the "Christian Warrior" is simply some robber knight—the letter S on the design would point, if this theory were accepted, to a certain Sparnecker executed at Nuremberg in Dürer's time—some robber-knight bound on a mission of wrong and cruelty. Death and the Devil naturally accompany him on his ride. His carelessness of their presence is the contempt of familiarity. So much for the inculcation of a philosophical or religious truth through the pencil. And so again of the "Melancholia." To some that strange winged figure, crowned with laurel, and sitting surrounded by the instruments of science; theoretical and applied, is but an embodiment of the sorrowful futility of all knowledge, but an illustration of the bitter words of the "preacher who was king over Israel in Jerusalem, and gave his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven," and declared as the result of his experience that, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Mrs. Heaton holds rather that the "Melancholia" figure is "a glorious devil, large in heart and brain;" and that the old Eve-craving for the forbidden fruit of knowledge is strong in her breast, and, as may be inferred from the objects by which she is surrounded, she has sought it both by legitimate and unhallowed channels." But this is to forget that, in Dürer's time, and, indeed, for some generations afterwards, the line of demarcation, which seems so natural to us now, between strict science and the "black art" had not been drawn. The *Edinburgh Review** considers that the key to the design is to be found in the fact that it was produced in 1514, the year of his mother's death. It would thus be an autobiographical record of the sorrow that had fallen upon him, and of the spiritual perplexity of the time, which his studies had aggravated rather than dispelled. But if

the "Melancholia" was intended to be such a record, it seems unaccountable that the objects surrounding the figure should be so exclusively scientific and mechanical. Dürer was a mathematician and engineer, and his purpose here may have been to show that his knowledge could do little for him. Still, if he wished the figure to typify his own soul, he would, we should imagine, have shown by some of the accessories that he remembered he was an artist. Another and very different interpretation has been given of the print, and has been urged strongly on ourselves by an ingenious friend, viz., that as the bat-like creature, who bears the scroll with the inscription of "Melancholia," is flying away, Dürer meant us to understand that one of the most effective cures for melancholy is study and hard work.

We have said, so much for teaching by the pencil. And yet, even as we write the words, we almost regret them. For if these engravings and their fellows of the same class fail to lay any distinct truth or proposition palpably before us, if they fail even to express their own meaning in an unmistakable manner, at any rate they are a strong stimulus to thought. In literature it is not always the clearest writer or reasoner who is the most valuable. There are many men who find better food for their minds, more pregnant and suggestive ideas in the works of Coleridge, Carlyle, or Ruskin, than in those of Mill or Newman. And similarly, in the very process of hunting for the recondite meanings that lurk in several of Dürer's works, there is something refreshing and invigorating.

The same reason that induces us to pass without detailed criticism the great mass of the engravings—the marvellous "St. Jerome" with its play of chequered sunlight, the "St. Hubert" with its fine study of dogs, the "Christ before the High Priest," the "Adam and Eve," the splendid etched landscape with the cannon in the foreground, and so many more—the same reason, we say, will preclude us from entering at any length into the subject of Dürer's paintings and drawings. Indeed, as regards the paintings, it is very much more difficult to appeal to the reader's reminiscences than in the case of the engravings, for they are not very numerous, and are scattered all over Europe. Speaking generally, however, so far as our knowledge extends, we will only say that it does not seem to us that Dürer ever attained to a perfect command over colour. He is nearly always wanting in softness and harmony. The accusation is not a new one.

* Article on Durer, July, 1861.

It was freely made in his own time. In one of his letters from Venice he tells his friend Pirkheimer that the Italian painters "abused his works, and said they were not according to ancient art, and, therefore, not good;" and, again, when he had completed his great picture of the "Feast of the Rose Garlands" for the German guild in the same city, he writes:—"I have silenced all the painters who said I was good in engraving, but that in painting I did not know how to use my colours." He adds, "Now everybody says they never saw more beautiful colouring." We have not seen this work, so that we cannot offer any opinion whether this praise was, or was not, deserved. It would certainly be misapplied to the pictures we have seen. The design of the "Rose Garlands," though beautiful, is not, we think, equal to that of the "Adoration of the Trinity."

Of Dürer's drawings there is only unequalled admiration to express. There is a collection of them at the British Museum which is quite priceless.* It contains sketches of every variety of subject, from carrots, bullrushes, and birds'-wings to landscapes and portraits. All are drawn with a firm and masterly hand that knows no fumbling or hesitation, but does its work with a precision most strong and yet most delicate. In this, as also in a marked individuality, the heads resemble the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci. But they miss that look of mystery and distinction, that subtle complexity of expression, which give an appearance so strangely modern to many of the faces drawn by the Italian.

The incidents of Dürer's life are not numerous. The two most important are his journeys to Venice and to the Netherlands. Before the former, however, his father died. He relates, in the same narrative from which we have already quoted, how, "After a time my father fell ill with a kind of dysentery no one could cure. Soon he clearly saw death before him, and with great patience waited to go, recommending my mother to me, and a godly life to all of us. He received the Sacrament, and died a true

Christian on the Eve of St. Matthew, at midnight, in 1502, as I have written more at length in another book." Curiously enough, the only page of this "other book" which the hand of Time has spared is precisely the one containing the passage to which Dürer refers. It tells us how, when the old man lay back on his pillow in the throes of death, an aged nurse "trimmed the lamp and set herself to read aloud St. Bernard's dying song, but she only reached the third verse, and behold his soul had gone. God be good to him! Amen. Then the little maid, when she saw that he was dying, ran quickly up to my chamber and waked me. I went down fast, but he was gone, and I grieved much that I had not been found worthy to be beside him at his end. After this my brother Hans came to live with me, but Andrew we sent away; and two years later, my mother came to me, having nothing to live upon. With me she remained the rest of her life."

It was rather more than a year after this, towards the end of 1505, that he undertook his journey to Venice. Of the reasons that led to this step nothing is known, and consequently conjectures have been rife. The point, indeed, is not very material. The only explanation deserving of notice is that of Vasari, who says that Dürer went to Venice to obtain protection against the piracies of Italian engravers, and especially of Marc Antonio. That his works were most shamefully imitated by other hands, German as well as Italian, is very true—Marc Antonio's share in the business takes away from the regret we might otherwise feel at the loss of his property on the sacking of Rome by the Spaniards in 1527—but these imitations were not made till after the date of the journey to Venice. And besides, if such had been Dürer's object in leaving his native town, it seems reasonable to suppose that some mention of the steps he had taken in the matter, and of his success or failure, would have crept into his letters to Willibald Pirkheimer. These letters are eight in number, and furnish a pleasant glimpse into the artist's life at Venice. They are, moreover, pleasant in themselves, cheerful and bantering in tone, and exhibiting the writer to us in a very genial light. The personage to whom they were addressed was a merchant prince of Nuremberg, a scholar, a diplomatist, a collector of works of art and of curiosities, towards whom we think both Mrs. Heaton and Mr. Scott are needlessly severe. Perhaps he was a little pedantic, and possibly a little too patronizing in his dealings with his poorer friend, though there is not much evidence on either

* By-the-by, would it not be possible to exhibit publicly some, at any rate, of the art treasures in the print department of the Museum? At present they are hidden from all, except a few students; and though the authorities are ready to admit any qualified lovers of art, and are most courteous to them when once admitted, yet this is not the same thing as placing great drawings and engravings within reach of all. There is no question in this of the risk of injuring the works themselves. They would be as safe in glass cases as they are in portfolios. All that we should wish—if it could be done—would be an extension of the arrangement already made for the exhibition of some of the engravings from the Slade bequest.

point. But as Dürer overlooked these defects, if they existed, and as a friendship, apparently very strong and real, existed between the two—a friendship on very equal terms, if we may judge from the tone of these letters—it seems useless, at this time of day, to air a belated grievance against the richer man. It is quite idle to talk of the “trumpery gems” which he requested Dürer to purchase for him. We certainly begrudge the space they occupy in the letters. But really this was not a consideration which Pirkheimer was bound to entertain. And here we may fitly express the opinion we have formed respecting the rival Lives of which the titles are prefixed to this article. Both have evidently been a labour of love; both show evidences of great industry and research. The fault of Mrs. Heaton's is prolixity. When facts fail her she is too fond of conjecture; and her comments on the facts might sometimes be spared. Indeed, she occasionally patronizes her hero in a way that we are sure poor Pirkheimer never did. Mr. Scott does not fall into the same errors. Except in one passage of not very deep social philosophy respecting marriage, he moralizes little, and the only fault we will find with his narrative is a want of fulness and flow. Both books are readable and interesting, and both are well illustrated—Mrs. Heaton's sumptuously with photographs taken by the admirable autotype process, and Mr. Scott's with etchings of his own.

To return to Dürer's stay in Venice. He seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. There were drawbacks, of course, as when his friends warned him not to eat and drink (apparently for fear of poison) with the Italian painters, “many of whom,” he says, “are my enemies, and copy my picture in the church, and others of mine wherever they meet with them;” and again, when he says, “the painters here are very ungracious towards me; they have summoned me three times before the magistrates, and I have been obliged to pay four florins to their school.” So also his dealings in the gems did not always turn out satisfactory. “I bought at first an amethyst,” he tells Pirkheimer, “from a so-called friend, for twelve ducats, but he cheated me in the matter, for it was not worth seven. However, some good fellows arranged the matter between us, so that in the end I gave him back his stone, and only paid for a fish dinner. I was very joyful at this, and took the money back again very quickly.” The last trait is worthy of Pepys. But, notwithstanding these disagreeables, his stay in the beautiful sea city was a season of pleasure. The

genial manners of the south pleased one who was himself an excellent companion. “How I shall freeze after this sunshine,” he writes in the letter announcing his return to Germany; “here I am a gentleman, at home only a parasite.” “I wish you were here, in Venice,” he had before written to Pirkheimer. “There are so many pleasant companions amongst the Italians, with whom I am becoming more and more intimate, so that it does one's heart good. There are learned men amongst them, good lute-players, pipers, some having a knowledge of painting; right honest people, who give me their friendship with the greatest kindness.” And if the rank and file of the Venetian artists treated him ungraciously, he was well repaid by the courtesy and admiration of the great and venerable John Bellini, “who,” he says, “praised me highly before several gentlemen, and wishes to have something of my painting. He came himself and asked me to do something for him, saying that he would pay me well for it. And all the people here tell me what a good man he is, so that I also am greatly inclined to him. He is very old; but yet he is the best painter of them all.”

It must, too, we fear, be added, that the absence of the painter's wife—she had been left behind at Nuremberg—contributed not a little to his happiness. The stories of his conjugal infelicity are very numerous, and have been widely disseminated through Leopold Scheffer's clever story, entitled, “The Artist's Married Life.” As an old writer quaintly remarks, for the two hundred florins of her dowry Dürer suffered “at least two thousand unhappy days—a pound of silver and a hundred-weight of misfortune.” Not that she was unfaithful to him, or profligate. She was only, so far as the meagre *original* testimony enables us to judge, a woman singularly uncongenial, of a narrow, jealous, and avaricious spirit, and quite unable to enter into the artist's higher thoughts and feelings. He never expresses any complaints in his letters or writings; but there is a want of any affectionate reference such as we might have expected, if all had been well between the two, from one who was so loving and tender to his parents. Their union was never blessed with children, and this may have helped to sour her temper. Pirkheimer's description of the woman, written after her husband's death, is so damaging that it is, perhaps, scarcely fair to quote it in the absence of distinct corroborative testimony. For he may have been biased. Still it is the evidence of a man who had been inti-

mate with Dürer all his life, and who had been employed by him in several delicate matters. No one, therefore, ought to have known the truth better than he. This is what he says:—

"After the providence of God, I can ascribe his death to no one but his wife, who so gnawed at his heart, and worried him to such a degree, that he departed from this world sooner than he would otherwise have done. He was dried up like a bundle of straw, and never dared to be in good spirits or to go out into society. For this bad woman was always anxious, although really she had no cause to be so; and she urged him on day and night, and forced him to hard work only for this—that he might earn money and leave it to her when he died. For she always feared ruin, and she does still, notwithstanding that Albert has left her property worth about six thousand gulden. But nothing ever satisfied her, and, in short, she alone was the cause of his death."

After a good deal more in the same strain the exasperated philosopher adds:—

"She and her sister are not loose characters, but, as I do not doubt, honourable, pious, and very God-fearing women; but one would rather have to do with a light woman, who behaved in a friendly manner, than with such a nagging, suspicious, scolding, pious woman, with whom a man can have no peace night or day."

Such as she was she accompanied her husband on his next great journey to the Netherlands in 1520. Respecting the reasons that led to this expedition conjectures have again been numerous. The probability appears to be that it was, at any rate partly, undertaken to obtain from Charles V. the ratification, or rather renewal, of an annual grant of one hundred florins. This grant had been made by the Emperor Maximilian, who, so far as his means would allow, was a great patron of learning and the arts, and who wished thus to reward the artist's labours in connection with the enormous woodcuts that were to commemorate the imperial grandeur. By a decree, dated the 6th September, 1515, this pension, or salary, was made payable out of the annual tax due to the Emperor by the town of Nuremberg; but when he died, in 1519, the town council, with burgher-like prudence, refused to continue their payments, or even to pay certain extra sums for which the artist held the imperial bond, until the appointment had been confirmed by Maximilian's successor. And though Dürer promised to pledge his house in case the debt were repudiated, he could obtain no redress; and so started for the Netherlands.

The journal of his tour is a quaint, but

very interesting production. It rises once, evidently under the influence of very strong feeling, into a passage of stirring eloquence. But, for the most part, it is a record of receipts and expenditure, and of such incidents in the writer's daily life as he wished to remember. He tells us with whom he dines; how much he owes his landlord at various dates; what sums he has "received for art," meaning his works; what sums he has spent in curiosities, of which he seems very fond; what portraits he has taken, or commissions executed; what presents he has made or received; what objects of interest he sees; whom he visits; and how he prospers. The whole forms a most quaintly vivid picture of the busy, joyous burgher-life of the Netherlands at the eve of the Reformation, just a few months before the first victims of the Inquisition were burned at Brussels (July 1st, 1523), and ere the dark cloud of an oppressive war, fraught with a whole century of wrong and ruin, had settled upon the land.

Dürer evidently carried with him a determination to be pleased with what he saw. Though his native town must have accustomed him to the sight of opulence, he was probably unprepared for the wealth of the Low Countries, into which the treasures of America had just begun to pour. One of the first things he visited was the house of the Burgomaster at Antwerp—this city was Dürer's head-quarters. Such a splendid house, he says, he had never seen in all Germany. The cathedral, too—not the present structure, but one shortly afterwards destroyed by fire—excited his admiration. So also did a procession, half civic and half religious, consisting of all the guilds and trades of the city bearing the insignia of their craft. And even in this degenerate nineteenth century the sight is very picturesque. "King Charles's house at Brussels, with its fountains, labyrinth, and park," gave him the greatest pleasure. "A more delightful thing, and one more like a paradise," he had never before seen. But the sight of sights, which gratified his heart more than all, was the collection of treasures brought to the king from the new Golden Land:—

"A sun entirely of gold, a whole fathom broad; likewise a silver moon just as big; likewise all kinds of arms, harness, and wonderful missiles, very strange clothing, bed gear, and all kinds of most wonderful things for man's use, that are as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful. These things are all so costly, that they have been valued at 100,000 gulden, and I have never, in all the days of my life, seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these

things. For I have seen among them wonderfully artistic things, and I have wondered at the subtle skill of men in foreign lands, and I do not know how to express the thing that I think about them."

There is something in this attitude of mind, at once so genial and so ready to receive fresh impressions, that is to us very touching and beautiful. It is in this that genius is child-like.

The Low Country artists treated Dürer very differently from their brethren of the South. Within a few days after his arrival —

"The painters," he says, "invited me to their chamber, with my wife and maid, and everything there was of silver and other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. There were also all their wives there, and when I was conducted to the table all the people stood up on each side as if I had been a great lord. There were amongst them also many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me, and they said they would do all in their power to give me pleasure; and as I sat at table there came in the messenger of the Rath of Antwerp, who presented me with four tankards of wine in the name of the Raths-herrn (town-councillors), and he said that they desired to honour me with this, and that I should have their good-will. Then I said that I gave them my humble thanks, and offered them my humble service. After that came Meister Peter, the town carpenter, and presented me with two tankards of wine, with the expression of his willing service. And for a long time we were very merry together until quite late in the night; then they accompanied us home with torches in the most honourable manner, and they begged me to accept their good-will, and said they would do whatever I desired that might be of assistance to me. Then I thanked them, and went to bed. Also I have been to Meister Quintine's house."*

Nor was this only a transitory display of enthusiasm. Wherever he went he was received with honour by the men of his own craft. At Brussels, he says, Bernard Van Orley, Court painter to the Regent Margaret, "invited me, and gave me such a costly meal, that I do not believe it could be paid for with ten florins." Nor was the company, which appears to have included Erasmus, unworthy of the feast. "Master Lucas," "a little man," "born at Leyden," "who engraves on copper," also entertained him hospitably. The two great engravers seem to have exchanged works. Both at Bruges and at Ghent the painters

made much of him, and took him round in triumph to see the great works of the Van Eycks, of Memling, and of Roger Van der Weyden the Elder, in those cities.

In the Netherlands, however, as before in Venice, it was not all sunshine, and several of the entries in the journal are very rueful. Thus he tells us how, "on St. Martin's Day, at Antwerp, in the cathedral, my wife had her purse cut; there were two florins in it. And the purse itself, and what more was in it, was also worth another florin, and there were some keys in it." So also he says, "I have again and again done sketches and many other things in the service of different persons, and for the most part of my work I have received nothing at all." Even the entry which records the success of his endeavours to obtain a ratification of the pension, and payment of the sums due by the late Emperor, is not altogether joyous. It runs thus: — "On the Monday after Martinmas (November 4th), 1520, I obtained my *Confirmatio* from the Emperor through my Lords of Nuremberg with great trouble and labour." But the most pitiful memorandum of all, made nearly at the end of the journal, when Dürer was about to return to Nuremberg, apparently not much richer than when he started, is the following: — "In all my transactions in the Netherlands with people both of high and low degree, and in all my doings, expenses, sales and other trafficking, I have always had the disadvantage; and particularly the Lady Margaret for all that I have given her, and done for her, has given me nothing in return."

If Dürer's worldly affairs had not prospered, it seems, however, possible that during his stay in the Netherlands he had found a pearl of great price. In one place he mentions, "I have bought a tract of Luther's for five white pfennings, moreover, one pfenning for the condemnation of Luther the pious man." And though there is a subsequent record of a payment made to a confessor, yet it is evident from the following noble burst of eloquence that the doctrines of the Reformation, so new, and yet so old, had found some entrance into his heart. The passage, as will immediately be perceived, relates to Luther's abduction when on his way back from the Diet of Worms, and to his imprisonment in the Castle of Wartburg — of which the translation of the New Testament was to be the fruit.

Dürer was not, of course, aware, any more than his contemporaries, that this abduction had been carried out by Frederick

* Meister Quintine was Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith painter.

Electors of Saxony in Luther's interest. He begins:—

"Item: On the Friday before Whitsuntide, in the year 1521, the report reached me at Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously taken prisoner, for the herald of the Emperor Charles, to whose care he was committed under the Imperial safe-conduct, on arriving at an unfriendly place near Eisenach, rode off, saying that he dared stay no longer with him. Immediately ten horsemen appeared, who treacherously carried off the pious man sold into their hands. He was a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, and a follower of the true Christian faith. Whether he lives still, or whether his enemies have murdered him, I know not, but he has suffered much for Christ's truth, and because he has rebuked the unchristian Papacy which strives against the freedom of Christ, with its heavy burdens of human laws, and for this we are robbed of the price of our blood and sweat, that it may be expended shamefully by idle, lascivious people, whilst thirsty and sick men perish of hunger; and, above all, this is most grievous to me, that God will perhaps suffer us to remain under their false, blind teaching, which the men, whom they call the Fathers, have invented and set down, whereby the precious Word is in many places falsely explained, or not set forth at all.

"O God of heaven, have mercy on us! O Lord Jesus Christ, pray for Thy people, redeem us in Thy right time, keep us in the true Christian faith, collect Thy far-separated sheep by Thy voice, heard in Thy Holy Word; help us to recognize Thy voice, so that we may not follow any device of man's invention. And, in order that we may not turn away from Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, call together again the sheep of Thy fold, of whom part are still to be found in the Roman Church, with others amongst the Indians, Muscovites, Russians, and Greeks, who, through the burdens and avarice of the Papacy, have been separated from us. O God, redeem Thy poor people who are constrained by means of great torments to follow men's ordinances, none of which they would willingly observe, and thus constantly sin against their consciences by embracing them! Never were any people so horribly burdened with ordinances as us poor people by the Romish See; we who, redeemed by Thy blood, ought to be free Christians.

"O Almighty, heavenly Father, pour into our hearts, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, such light that we may recognize that messenger whom we ought to obey, so that we may put aside the burdens of the others with a safe conscience, and serve Thee, the eternal Father, with happy, joyful hearts; and in place of this man, who has written clearer than any other has done for one hundred and forty years, and to whom Thou hast given such a large amount of Thy Holy Spirit, we pray Thee, O heavenly Father, that Thou wilt again give Thy Holy Spirit to one who will assemble Thy Christian Church from all parts of the world, so that we may live

again in a Christian manner; and that Turks, heathens, and Hindoos, and all unbelievers, seeing our good works, may be converted, and accept the Christian faith. But, Lord, remember ere Thou judgest how Thy Son Jesus Christ was made to suffer death of the priests, and rose again from the dead, and afterwards ascended into heaven; and this fate has also in like manner overtaken Thy follower, Martin Luther, whom the Pope treacherously betrayed and took away his life, whom Thou wilt quicken. And as, after my Lord was crucified, Jerusalem was destroyed, so wilt Thou now, after this one has been taken, destroy the power of the Papal Chair. O Lord, give unto us that New Jerusalem that shall come down from heaven, whereof the Apocalypse writes; the holy clear Gospel that is not darkened by human doctrine. This may every one see who reads Martin Luther's books, how his teaching sets forth clearly and transparently the holy Gospels; therefore, his books are to be held in much honour, and not to be burnt. It would be better, indeed, to cast his adversaries into the fire, with all their opinions, who would make gods of men, and always oppose the truth.

"O God, is Luther dead? Who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the holy Gospel? Alas! what might he not still have written for us during the next ten or twenty years? O all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray to God to send us another enlightened teacher! O Erasmus of Rotterdam, where dost thou remain? Behold how the unjust tyranny of this world's might and the powers of darkness prevail! Hear, thou knight of Christ; ride forth in the name of the Lord, defend the truth, attain the martyr's crown; thou art already an old man, and I have heard thee say that thou givest thyself only two years longer in which thou wilt still be fit for work. Employ these well, then, in the cause of the Gospel, and the true Christian faith. Lift up thy voice, and so shall not the gates of hell (the See of Rome), as Christ saith, prevail against thee. And although, like thy Master Christ, thou hast to suffer shame on earth, and even die a short time sooner than thou otherwise mightest, yet wilt thou pass the sooner from death unto life, and be glorified through Christ. For if thou drinkest of the cup which He drank, so wilt thou reign with Him, and judge justly those who have not acted righteously. O Erasmus, hold to this, and put thy boast in the Lord, as it stands written in David, for thou canst do this, and in truth thou mayest prevail to fell this Goliath; for God will uphold His holy Christian Church according to His Divine will. May He give us eternal bliss, who is God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one eternal God. Amen.

"Oh, all ye Christian men, pray to God for help, for His judgment draws nigh, and His righteousness shall be made plain. Then we shall see the blood of the innocent, which popes, bishops, and monks have spilt, rise up in judgment, and condemn them. And these are the souls of the slain, that lie under the altar of

God, and cry for vengeance, to which the voice of God replies, 'Fill up the measure of the innocent who are slain, then will I judge.'"

But Erasmus, the witty worldling, the elegant scholar and man of culture, had no thought of answering to this or any similar appeal, however stirring. "I am not of a mind," he said, "to venture my life for the truth's sake; all men have not strength to endure the martyr's death. For myself, if it came to the point, I should do no better than Simon Peter." Indeed, from the constitution of his mind, he entertained but little sympathy for the rough, strong work that had to be done at the commencement of the Reformation. Dürer began painting his portrait at Brussels, and possibly the philosopher's lukewarmness in the good cause may have been the reason why it was never finished. For, in a letter to Pirckheimer, Erasmus says, "Dürer began to paint me at Brussels, and it is to be wished that he had accomplished a painting, but from trivial causes we were not at that time very well agreed." The engraved portrait was executed after Dürer's return to Nuremberg, from a sketch taken in the Netherlands. It is that of an old man standing at a desk. Humour and learning are written in every wrinkle of the face. Two or three folios and a vase of flowers — lilies of the valley apparently — are on the table at his side. This portrait raises a very curious question, for it is unlike those drawn very shortly afterwards by Holbein, all very similar, and of one of which Erasmus wrote to Sir Thomas More that "it was much more like him than the one by the famous Albert Dürer." And so again, he wrote to a friend in 1528, "Dürer painted me a few years ago, but not at all like." Arguing from this, Mr. Wornum, in his *Life of Holbein*, is "strongly induced to doubt Albert Dürer's power of seeing what was before him." This is a hard saying — for if an artist have not this power, what is the value of his art? — but the evidence in its favour is too strong to be set aside contemptuously. For though Erasmus may not have liked Dürer,* and certainly did like Holbein, and wished to befriend him in his correspondence with More, and though also many persons are not good judges of their own likenesses, yet his testimony must go for something. We have nothing to check it by but the relative verisimilitude of the portraits by the two men, the appear-

ance which their works present, that they did —

"After poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance find the man
Behind it, and so paint him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

And in the gift of embodiment Holbein is unsurpassed. Perhaps the judgment on his own art, which Dürer in the latter years of his life expressed to Melanchthon, may help us to understand how he might suffer in such a comparison.

"I remember," says Melanchthon, "that Albert Dürer the painter, a man excelling in talent as in virtue, used to say that when a youth he liked bright and varied composition, and that he could not but rejoice in his own works when he saw them again. But that after he attained to mature years, and could see better, and more truly understood the significance of the face of nature, he knew that simplicity was the greatest glory of art. However, as he could not altogether attain to that simplicity, he said he no longer admired his own works as he formerly did, but rather groaned over his early pictures, thinking of his own weakness."

Applying this most interesting criticism to portraiture, we should gather — and this is amply confirmed by his works — that what Dürer set himself to paint in any face was what we may term its picturesqueness and complexity. Beauty, for him, did not lie, as it does for most artists, in regularity of feature, sweetness of expression, and purity of complexion. It lay in character, in the thousand marks which thought, or time, or passion, or the accidents of life grave upon the countenance, making it sometimes, indeed, "a human face divine," a witness of high communion with God, and sometimes a tell-tale record of baseness and impurity. And as for some painters, the allurements of what is usually regarded as beauty prove too strong, and they pay their sitters the poor compliment of flattery, so Dürer may have been led to exaggerate the marks and lines he loved so well, thus erring from truth on the other side and falling also into what, from his point of view, was flattery. Holbein more nearly hit the mean between the two extremes, and was a very great artist besides. Still it is hard to compare an engraving from a hasty sketch with a finished painting. The portraits of Melanchthon would furnish a more just term of comparison. But, unfortunately, it is very doubtful whether the drawing of the beautifully sweet and refined head in the Holbein collection at

* These are his words on hearing of Dürer's death: — "What is the use of mourning over Dürer's death? Are we not all mortal? I have prepared an epitaph for him in my little book."

Windsor — a head which we should be glad to associate in our thoughts with the gentle Reformer — is really a portrait of Melanchthon, though it bears his name.

In the autumn of 1521, Dürer returned to his native town, which was now strongly impregnated with the new heresy. How far he openly sided with the Reformers is unknown. But we do know what were his feelings prior to this; and when, in 1526, Melanchthon established a Protestant school in Nuremberg, the scholar and the artist lived in a daily and loving intercourse, which implies, at least, some harmony of view. As Mrs Heaton says, "It is pleasant to think of Dürer's last years being cheered and upheld by such a friendship as this." Those last years were spent in work. He wrought at his engravings, put forth his whole strength in the two large life-size panel paintings of Saints Peter and John, Saints Mark and Paul, which he presented to the city. He wrote three treatises, one on Geometry, one on Fortification, and another, not published till after his death, on Human Proportion. And so, his labours being ended, but not their influence, he died on the 6th of April, 1528, at the age of fifty-seven. "I grieve," said Melanchthon, when sorrowfully compelled to believe that the news was true, "I grieve for Germany, deprived of such a man and such an artist." . . . "His art, great as it was, was his least merit."

There is one aspect in which the career of Albert Dürer seems to us to possess great significance, especially at the present time. We do not now allude to his readiness to undertake any work, however apparently inferior — such as designing a goldsmith's cup, or a coat-of-arms, or a pattern for lace — though the example might not be without its lesson for those who prate of the dignity of art, and despise, forsooth, even the painting of portraits. We wish to say a word now respecting that school whose cant word is *Philistinism*, and who regard everything English, all that relates to the life of England, as unworthy of art, and

would call upon our writers to imitate the literature of other lands, and upon our artists to pursue foreign methods, and to imbue themselves with the spirit of different times or countries. Now, let us look at Dürer in this matter. A German burgher, the citizen of a busy commercial town, he loved the place in which he was born, and accepted unhesitatingly the influences that surrounded him there. Even the art of Venice at its zenith was powerless to lead him from his German habits of thought, and German practice. Had it been otherwise, had he suffered himself to be carried away by the example of Titian and Giorgione and Bellini, had he eclectically sought to imitate what was best in their work — why, the world would have had one great German painter the less, and have gained but a very indifferent Italian painter in exchange. His art was great because it was the natural outgrowth of his own genius, race and time. Let us not be misunderstood. Far be it from us, as Englishmen, to refuse the highest honour to foreign literature and foreign art. Both have achieved many things that we have not achieved, and — for this is the point — shall never achieve. In so far as we refuse to acknowledge their excellence we are bad critics, and injure ourselves only. But it is foolish to argue from this that we should despise what is characteristic of our own national genius, and do our clumsy best to imitate what others can do very much better. The world of art is wide; in a civilization so varied as our own, it will always happen that there are men whose thoughts flow naturally in a foreign channel. Let them follow their bent, not arrogating to themselves, however, any superiority over their fellows. But, as regards the immense majority of artists, they will only do anything permanent or great by embodying the thoughts and the spirit — though not by any means necessarily the scenes — of their own land and line. If they cannot do that without vulgarity, it is useless for them to seek after an exotic refinement.

THE library of Strasburg, just destroyed by the bombs and shells launched by the Badeners, contained no less than 150,000 volumes. On its shelves were to be found the incurables (!) formerly belonging to the ancient Commandery of St. John of Jerusalem. Amongst the treasures

there preserved was the MS. of Herrade de Landsperg, Abbess of Saint Odile, entitled "*Hortus Deliciarum*," which dated from the twelfth century, and the miniatures of which furnished the most useful information to the history of art and costumes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KEZIA PLAYS THE SPY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that Dorothy had said to Josiah at their recent interview, he felt it impossible for him to abandon all hope. Might she not yet overcome this fancy which was never to be gratified, and then after a time get to like him? She had been so kind and gentle to him since their meeting in the summer-house, that such a supposition did not seem to be entirely chimerical.

Aunt Abigail had written to say that she would expect her niece on the day mentioned, and the day had now arrived. Josiah, to save Dorothy annoyance, had offered to tell his sisters that she wanted to return home sooner than she had at first intended, and wishing to spend as much time as possible with her aunt, she thought it best to shorten her visit to them.

"Oh, certainly, by all means," said Jemima; "as she did not come here on our account, we have no wish to detain her: although it is paying thee a very poor compliment, Josiah."

"It's quite what I expected," said Kezia, with the smile of infallible intuition. "Ours is no house for the frivolous and worldly; it is a pity that Dorothy came here at all."

"It is a *great* pity," replied Josiah, feeling himself getting more angry than he cared to show them. "Thou and Jemima seem to forget how young Dorothy is. As to her being frivolous and worldly, she is nothing of the kind; she is cheerful and gay, as a girl should be. When she is old as either of you she will be sedate enough."

Now, few women can bear to be told they are old in comparison with other women whom they know to be young. They may own their age, even boast of it, but they never care about being reminded of it by other people. Therefore, though the Miss Crewdsons were quite innocent of trying to make themselves appear more juvenile than they really were, Josiah could not have cut his sisters more surely, or raised their indignation more speedily than he did by this taunt, which was all the worse to bear as each of them would have died before she would have acknowledged her annoyance.

"The train leaves at 2.40," added Josiah, "and I will meet Dorothy at the station. I must see Stephenson this morning, so I shall walk into Leeds, and Dorothy can have the carriage."

"Certainly," returned Jemima: "hast thou any further orders to leave?" for I

suppose it has come to thy considering it to be our place to obey thee."

"Nonsense, Jemima, don't take such fancies," said Josiah, fearing that unless he tried to mollify them a little, his sisters might vent their vexation on Dorothy. "She cannot walk, and I thought it would save a cab."

Waiting for no further argument, Josiah went out through the back way into the garden, at the end of which, according to appointment, he met Dorothy.

"Hast thou told them? What did they say?" she asked excitedly.

"Nothing; but I see they are a little vexed; so if they speak somewhat sharply, thou must not mind it. They do not mean ill."

"Thou only saidst that I was going?" said Dorothy timidly.

"Yes, that was all. Need I say more at present, Dorothy? Perhaps some day thou mayest get to like me a little; that is, if thou art sure that thou dost not intend marrying — the — the other one," he blurted out.

Dorothy shook her head: "I will not deceive thee again; and thou wouldst not wish to marry me if I had no love for thee, Josiah?"

"No: only sometimes, after many years perhaps, when people don't meet they forget their love."

"But not what love is like," she said sadly.

"Dorothy, forgive me — only one more question. Art thou quite sure thou hast no intention to marry him?"

"Quite sure."

"And dost thou think thy strength is sufficient for thee to say No?"

"I think strength will be given to me," she answered: "for I am trying very hard to do my duty."

Josiah took her hand in both of his, and looking at her, — his honest every-day face lit up by love — he said, "God bless and help thee, Dorothy?" and Dorothy's voice failing, she tightened her grasp, and tried to smile on him through her tears.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and still the Miss Crewdsons sat puzzling over and speculating about the cause of this sudden departure. They were certain that there was something more in it than met the eye; but what that something could be they failed to discover. Dorothy had been in and out several times during the morning, but meeting with no other response to her remarks than "yes" or "no," she had betaken herself to her own room, where she was sitting lonely and despondent.

For the twentieth time had Kezia asked Jemima, "What can it be?"—for the twentieth time she had received from her sister the answer, that time would show, when a loud peal at the bell startled them both. Before they had run through their category of probable visitors, the maid opened the door, walked up to Jemima, and put a card into her hand, saying, "He's asked for Dorothy Fox, and please, he's waiting." Jemima looked at the card and read aloud, "Captain Charles Egerton Verschoyle, 17th Lancers."

Jemima Crewdson boasted that she was "never taken aback." Seldom had she had greater reason to pride herself on this than when, without any exclamation or comment, she said, "Take this to her, and tell her he is waiting to see her."

The girl took the card to Dorothy, who breathlessly demanded where the visitor was, and whether any one was with him? Concluding from Dorothy's excitement that the good-looking young man was her real sweetheart, and not being devoted to the house of Crewdson, the servant smiled grimly as she descended the stairs, saying, "And I for one shouldn't be sorry neither."

How Dorothy managed to fly down-stairs, pass the dining-room door, and get into the room where Charles Verschoyle stood waiting for her, she did not know; it seemed to her as if one minute she were reading his name, and the next she was sobbing sweet and bitter tears in his arms. The joy she felt at seeing the man whom she now knew to be far dearer to her than she had hitherto dreamt of, the conflicts she had gone through for his sake, and the misery she had endured for the last few weeks, broke down all her firm resolutions, and drove from her mind everything but the glad thought that "he" was with her, and nothing now could harm her.

Captain Verschoyle was at a loss to understand the meaning of this outburst. He only saw that something had gone wrong and distressed "his darling," as he now called her, and that the sight of her tears made him feel more pitiful and tender than the griefs of all the women he had ever known before. He soothed and caressed her, and called her every endearing name which falls so sweetly from the mouth of a lover, until Dorothy's tears ceased falling, and she began to awaken to the realities of her position.

"How didst thou know that I was here?" she asked. "They will be so angry. Oh! thou oughtest not to have come."

"Why not? and who are *they* who will

be angry?" he said. "Are these people your relations?"

"No."

"Well, then, there can be nothing so very extraordinary in my calling to see you. Say I am a friend of your sister's, and wanted to know if you had any message to send to her; that I went to your aunt's, and not finding you I came here. No one *could* be angry about that."

"But thou art a soldier," said Dorothy, shaking her head in dissent to his arguments.

"Suppose I am, I am not going to fight them; but tell me, dear, why were you so distressed at seeing me?"

"Because I have been so miserable of late."

Feeling that he was probably the cause of her misery, Captain Verschoyle should have looked less pleased, as he put his arm again round her and tried to draw her towards him. But Dorothy had recovered herself, so she turned from him and sat down in a chair, while he stood looking at her. "I have been so unhappy," she continued, "because I ought not to have spoken as I did to thee in the garden."

"Why not?" he exclaimed hurriedly. "Was it not true? Dorothy, tell me, do you love me?" He was kneeling by her side, with his face close to hers, so that she looked into his eyes with her own full of truth and love.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I love thee with all my heart; but I ought never to have shown it to thee."

"And why?"

"Because I knew it was wrong. When I began to think so much of thee, I ought to have gone home."

"Oh! don't say that, darling."

Matters were beginning to look a little brighter now, and Captain Verschoyle almost smiled as he remembered the sharp pain he felt when he thought Dorothy was going to say she did not care for him.

"But it is true," she continued: "all this time I have been disobeying father, and deceiving Josiah Crewdson."

"Josiah Crewdson! What has he to do with it?"

Dorothy looked down abashed. "Josiah wanted me to marry him, and I promised father I would try to like him, and I told Josiah the same, and now —"

"Well!"

"Of course, I cannot."

Captain Verschoyle was silent; not because he did not love the girl, but he was suspicious, — and not without cause, for the world had taught him two or three rather

bitter lessons. Was she trying to entangle him into making her an offer of marriage? Perhaps her sister had prompted her to do it. Well, if she had told the Hanburys there was no backing out of it, and, after all, he should have to marry a shop-keeper's daughter. So he said very coldly, "Why? Is it your intention to marry some one else?"

Dorothy looked up; his voice grated upon her ear, but in a moment she dismissed the suspicion. Her love told her—knowing as she did that they could not marry—what his pain must be. Her heart seemed to give a great surge, and, laying her head on his shoulder, she hid her face and cried, "Oh! Charles, if thou hadst been the poorest man in all the world I would never have ceased to entreat father; but I know if I disobeyed him and forsook my principles, we could expect no blessing and no happiness."

"What do you mean, child?" exclaimed Captain Verschoyle, puzzled by Dorothy's words, certain of her love however, and at rest regarding her duplicity. "You say you will not marry this Crewdson, but surely if I ask your father for you, you will marry me?"

"No. Thou art a soldier, and for that reason father would never give his consent. It would be against our principles, and though I feel that were I called upon I could willingly die for thee, I could not disobey my parents when I know they are acting rightly."

"Such love as this is not worth having," he said, pushing her from him. "I am offering for your sake"—and he thought he was speaking the truth—"to give up my friends, position, and all hope of advancement in life; and you tell me that you love me very much, but if your father says 'No,' you could not think of disobeying him. Do you suppose that I expect my mother ever to give her consent? Very likely neither she nor my sister would ever speak to me again. But if I had determined to marry you I would not be deterred though every relation I have turned their backs upon me."

"But I feel that God's face would be turned from me."

Captain Verschoyle gave an impatient shrug. "I know nothing of such bigotry," he said contemptuously. "If you think me such a Pariah, why did you lead me to suppose that you cared for me?"

Dorothy sat with her face in her hands rocking herself to and fro in hopeless misery—such a picture of heart-broken despair, that all Charles Verschoyle's anger gave

way, and kneeling down before her he said,—"Dorothy, my own, my darling, don't listen to me. I am a brute to say such things, but I did not know how I loved you; look at me, dear, I'll give up everything in the world for you. I'll sell out, and we'll go and live in the country. That's right, smile at me again, dearest. I'll turn Quaker, and then my Dolly won't say No. Will she?"

But Dorothy had no power then to reply, and when she had, Captain Verschoyle jumped up suddenly, exclaiming, "Confound that woman!" and walking to the window called out, "Do you wish to come in this way, madam?"

To Dorothy's unspeakable horror, the figure which turned away was Kezia Crewdson.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVING AND LOSING.

WHEN young Love has been suddenly put to flight, he is very shy of settling down again. Therefore, although it was nearly half an hour before Captain Verschoyle left Holberton Hall, the interval was taken up by a comparatively sober and business-like conversation.

Dorothy was in a great state of trepidation about Kezia Crewdson. Captain Verschoyle declared, however, that she could not have been at the window two minutes before he saw her, although, had she stood for two hours, he said, she could not have seen them. He said this, not really believing it, being certain that Miss Crewdson's curiosity had been gratified by a very romantic tableau. But then, it was not likely she would say anything about it, as that would be telling upon herself. However, the thing was done, and they must make the best of it, and carry it off as circumstances demanded.

He was delighted to hear that Dorothy was leaving for York; and began to speculate if they could not travel in the same carriage.

"Josiah is going with me to the station, and Aunt Abigail will meet me at York," said Dorothy.

"Oh, that is just the thing. I want to be introduced to your aunt, so that I can call and see you. You want to see me again, soon, Dorothy, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, we shall meet at the station. I shall look out for you. 2.40 you said? All right, and don't fidget about that old Tabbykins, dear; whatever she accuses you of, deny it."

"Oh, Charles! but I could not."

"Oh, Dolly! yes, you could," he whispered, laughing at her grave face. Then giving her a most courteous bow in case they should be watched, he walked away, and Dorothy shut the door, her heart sinking with every retreating step he took.

Try as she would, she could not persuade herself that Kezia had not seen them. If she had—all Dorothy's senses seemed to forsake her at the thought. What might she not do? Write to her father perhaps; and then—she should die of shame. While she was striving to convince herself that they had been unseen, Ann came to announce that luncheon was ready. Dorothy, unable to look at any one, and feeling it required all her resolution to keep her teeth from chattering, found herself in the dining-room before the sisters, who, by practising the feminine habit of ignoring an offender, and finding an immense deal to say to each other, gave Dorothy time to recover herself. She felt it was needful for her to say something about a visit to her in a house where they were mistresses and she was a guest. So, when she was able to command her voice sufficiently, she took an opportunity of saying, "It was Charles Verschoyle who came here this morning; mother knows him, and he is a friend of Grace's."

"So I should think," replied Jemima, but without more sharpness in her voice than usual.

"He had been to Aunt Abigail's, and they told him I was here," Dorothy went on to say. "He is going back to London soon, and will tell Grace he has seen me."

"It was very fortunate that thou hadst not gone," said Kezia, "but perhaps he knew the hour when thou wert going. I suppose thou expected him?"

"No, I did not," and Dorothy found courage to look up and meet Kezia's eyes. They looked at her as they usually did; there was no terrible light in them as if they had witnessed an awful secret, which would soon be communicated to all whom it might and might not concern. Indeed, Kezia was particularly gracious in pressing her to eat more, fearing that she had lost her appetite, and reminding her that she had a journey before her. So Dorothy drew breath, and began to think that Charles Verschoyle was right, and that Kezia had seen nothing. So great a calamity being averted, caused her spirits to rise at once, and she left Holberton Hall smiling and gracious, and thanking the sisters for the kindness they had shown to her.

Josiah was at the station waiting for her, smiling that she might see no trace of his

flagging spirits and heavy heart. They were in good time, but Josiah was restless, and kept going backward and forward to see if the luggage was labelled, or if the ticket office was open. Dorothy wished he would sit quiet for a few minutes, as she wanted to tell him that Charles Verschoyle had been to see her. But whenever she was about to begin, Josiah started off; and now, unless she made haste, she feared the subject of her communication would arrive before she could announce his advent.

When Josiah sat down again, Dorothy said, quickly, "I had a visitor this morning; Charles Verschoyle came to see me."

Josiah only grasped his umbrella tighter, and answered,—"Oh! did he?"

Then there was a pause until he was sufficiently calm to ask, "Are you going to see him again?"

"Yes, he said he was going to York by this train, and he would see me at the station."

Here Josiah jumped up in a great hurry, saying he was quite sure the ticket office must be open by this time; and without another word he went off. When he returned, some five or six minutes later, he found that Captain Verschoyle had joined Dorothy, and was carrying on a most animated conversation with her.

The captain condescended to remember that he had met Mr. Crewdson before, and to bestow on him a formal shake of the hand. He then announced that, thinking Miss Fox might have some parcel or message for Mrs. Hanbury, he had taken the liberty of calling upon her at Holberton Hall. To which Josiah replied, "Thank thee." Why he should be thankful he did not know however, for never had he felt greater animosity towards any one than towards this man, whose soldier-like appearance, handsome face, and easy manner, made him feel his own defects a hundred-fold more keenly than ever.

"I think we may well as take our seats, Miss Fox," said Captain Verschoyle, relieving Dorothy of her cloak and travelling-bag. Josiah, thus excluded, walked after them up the platform, watched Captain Verschoyle make all the arrangements for Dorothy's comfort, and then stood uncomfortable and ill at ease at the carriage door. Here he was unceremoniously pushed aside by an old gentleman, who jumped in in a great hurry, and, regardless of the cloak and umbrellas ostentatiously spread out to guard it, took the seat opposite Dorothy, shut the door, and then looked out of the window, and said, "Ah! how d'ye do, Crewdson? This young lady a friend of yours? Going

to York? Very wrong to send her alone — might meet some impertinent fellow on the way. I'll take care of her. Introduce me."

Josiah, taken aback by this unusual familiarity in a bowing acquaintance, stammered out, "Thou art very good. Dorothy Fox —"

"Oh!" said the old gentleman, interrupting him. Then taking off his hat, he repeated, "Dorothy Fox, and my name, for our journey entirely at your service, is Harry Egerton. Now, Miss Fox, society permits us after this to be as polite or as rude as we please to each other."

"I hope I shall not be rude, and I do not think that such is thy intention," said Dorothy, laughing.

"You are ignoring me altogether, sir," said Captain Verschoyle, touching him on the arm.

"No, I am not," answered the old man gruffly, turning round; "but I've seen *you* before this morning; I came up in the same train with you." Though he intended to be very severe, at the sight of the expression on his godson's face Mr. Egerton could not refrain from winking his eye.

"Thou wilt let us know of thy safe arrival, Dorothy? and perhaps while thou art at thy aunt's I shall be at York on business, and come and see thee," said Josiah.

"Oh! yes, do," said Dorothy. Then seeing a frown on Captain Verschoyle's face, she added, "that is, if I am there; but I shall not stay long. Farewell, Josiah! Do be careful; don't stand on the step—the train is moving, thou might be thrown down."

As the train went off, Josiah, in the bitterness of his heart, wished he *had* been thrown down, and that it had gone over him. In spite of what he told Dorothy about being glad they had met even if she could never care for him, he asked himself now why he had ever seen her, if seeing her was only to make him hopeless and wretched. Had his father only brought him up differently—taught him to say what he thought like other men—made him feel certain that the thing he was doing was the right thing to do, matters might have been different. But what chance had he with a man like Charles Verschoyle? None. Telling his clerks that he was particularly engaged and could see no one, Josiah went into his office, flung himself down upon his chair, and declared to himself that he did not care what became of him.

In the meantime his sisters were anxiously awaiting his return, full of the importance of the awful disclosure which Kezia

had to make. She had no intention of prefacing her revelation with—"Happening to be passing the window," or, "Not having an idea that any one was in the room." No, Miss Crewdson gave her unvarnished testimony to the truth. Considering it was her duty to know what her brother's future wife could have to do with a man belonging to a profession abominable in the sight of a peace-loving community, she had walked into the garden, and stood at the window of the room, looking at them until she had attracted their attention. If what had passed before her eyes did not stagger Josiah and make the scales which blinded him fall from his eyes, the sisters considered it would be their duty to lay the matter before the Society. And here they were only acting according to what their consciences dictated. No malice or dislike to Dorothy in any way impelled them. For had she been entirely "after their own hearts," the last few hours would have lowered her so much in their estimation as to make them think her unworthy to be the wife of any man bearing an honest name.

Josiah at length arrived, hot and breathless, having walked very quickly, to prevent his being more than half-an-hour late for dinner. He expected to be met with black looks and angry faces, instead of which, Kezia only remarked that he looked very warm, and Jemima reproached him mildly for hurrying when there was no occasion to do so.

Had Josiah been quick-witted and sharp, he would have been certain that something was about to happen. The sisters had agreed that he should have his dinner in peace; and during the meal they made themselves so unusually pleasant and agreeable, that even Josiah wondered what could be the reason of this sudden change. "I daresay," thought he, "they want to show me how glad they are that she is gone;" and he heaved a sigh so deep that Jemima remarked, "One would think that thy mind was ill at ease, Josiah."

Josiah denied the assertion most emphatically; whereupon Kezia exclaimed mournfully, that she wished his sisters could say the same; but it was best to prepare himself, for they had a blow in store for him, a blow dealt him by a human hand, and a hand too that they had once thought to see joined with his own. Josiah being somewhat obtuse as to metaphorical allusions, did not grasp Kezia's meaning, and sat silently staring first at one and then at the other, hoping to get some explanation. Jemima, who was in all her dealings essentially practical, said,—

"Kezia, Josiah doth not understand thee; thou hadst best be plain with him, and in as few words as possible tell him what thou hast discovered."

So urged, Kezia commenced, and soon the plain truth was made known to Josiah, who listened with an unmoved countenance.

"Thou art quite positive that thou saw all this? Thou fancied nothing?" he said.

Kezia allowed this imputation on her veracity to pass unnoticed. She merely restated that she stood looking in at the window until the man walked up to her and asked if she wanted to come in.

"And did Dorothy know that it was thou?"

"Certainly she did."

"And she made no remark upon it afterwards?"

"No."

Josiah relapsed into silence until Jemima could bear it no longer: so she said rather sharply, "Thou art taking it very coolly, Josiah."

"Am I? What am I to do?"

"What art thou to do?" she echoed; "I should not require to be told what I should do, when the woman engaged to be my wife had been seen—in the arms of another," and Miss Crewdson felt as if her maidenly estate had been offended by naming such a situation.

"Perhaps not," said Josiah slowly, "but Dorothy Fox is not, and never was, engaged to be my wife. I have nothing, therefore, to say about it, and, of course, neither of you will ever speak of it to any one."

"Dear Josiah!" exclaimed both the Miss Crewdsons in a breath, "thou hast taken a load off our minds."

"I always thought," said Kezia, "that our brother had more sense than to marry Dorothy Fox. She is a bad, forward girl, Josiah, and mark my words——"

But at the moment it seemed much more likely that he would mark her body, for jumping up suddenly he exclaimed, "Hold thy tongue, she is nothing of the sort; though she will not marry me, I love her better than anybody in the world, and I won't let any one speak against her."

Now, how is it that men will make such blunders? In one moment Josiah had undone all that he most desired to compass. His two sisters would not have spoken had he said nothing; but now—nothing would prevent them "letting justice have its course." Jemima therefore said coldly, "Kezia, I do not know that thou and I are called upon to listen to the vain ravings of a senseless boy; we will leave him, trust-

ing that a better spirit will be given to him. But, Josiah, remember we are not going to screen faults which we ought to expose. We shall speak to some elder, and ask him to inform Nathaniel Fox that his daughter, during her stay here, and while we believed her to be the engaged wife of our brother, was seen in the embrace of a strange man, and he a soldier."

"It's false!" roared Josiah, "and Nathaniel Fox knows of it already."

"Knows of what?" cried both the sisters.

Josiah, with a great gulp at the final extinguishing of all his hopes, said, like a brave, true-hearted man as he was, "The man was Charles Verschoyle, her accepted husband."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EXPLANATION AND RECONCILIATION.

SATURDAY had come round, Lady Laura had returned from Beauwood, and Audrey had determined that she would see Geoffrey Dynecourt again. If possible, she would go to Miss Bingham's afternoon party; and all her energies were now applied to obtain her mother's aid in accomplishing this. She had resolved to keep Mr. Ford's offer a secret from Lady Laura. She did not repent her refusal of him, but felt great comfort in knowing that she had settled her fate so far. If she had the slightest hope that Geoffrey Dynecourt still loved her, she believed she would be happy; but though sometimes she indulged in delicious dreams of forgiveness and renewed love, they generally ended in tears and despair.

Lady Laura was in excellent spirits. Her visit to Beauwood had been a success. Lady Spencer had made herself very agreeable to her, and she had been pressed to visit them again at Christmas.

"Considering all things, I am very glad I went," she said.

"I am glad too," said Audrey; "I think it has done you good, mamma; you are looking much better."

"And how did you get on without me, dear? I thought of you constantly."

"Oh! I managed very well. I went out in the mornings with Marshall, and yesterday afternoon Mr. Ford came to see me."

Lady Laura started up from the sofa and exclaimed, "Mr. Ford! Audrey, you don't say so. Why, what did you do?"

"Oh! I told him I was not well enough to go with you, but that I was gradually getting better, though not quite strong yet."

"And he—he did not enter into anything personal?"

"He said he was in town for a day or two, and he wanted to see how I was."

"And you were quite cordial to him?"

"Yes, quite; I told him I was very glad to see him. He is coming again to go to an afternoon party which Mr. Marjoribanks, Miss Bingham's uncle, is to give at Ealing; and he brought us an invitation. He said he told Mrs. Winterton he knew you intended calling upon her, and as they were very anxious that we should come, he offered to bring the card. I thought you would accept, and told Mr. Ford so, and I sent a little note to Miss Bingham."

"That was quite right, my love," said Lady Laura, whose hopes now began to revive with all their old force. "Did he say that he had heard from me?"

"No."

"And his manner was the same as ever?"

"Quite the same."

"How very strange that he should have come the day I was away! but everything seems to have turned out well," and she looked sharply at her daughter, but Audrey's face was unreadable. "Then there was nothing unpleasant during the interview, and you parted friends?" she added.

"Yes."

Lady Laura went over with the intention of kissing Audrey, but finding her daughter apparently unprepared for this unusual demonstration, she quietly patted her head instead, saying, "Good girl, you have acted as I knew you would, and very much lightened your mother's heart."

"Shall we go to this party?" asked Audrey, not looking up.

"Of course, my dear. I shall call upon Mrs. Winterton to-day."

Sunday. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Oh, how the days dragged; how long the hours seemed; how wearily they passed! And yet when Thursday came, Audrey would fain have had them all to go through again, so nervous and anxious did she feel. She had no hope; only the certainty of future bitterness, and fruitless longing, seemed to stare her in the face. Still suspense was unendurable, and she knew herself well enough to be assured that nothing could try her so severely.

"Marshall, do make me look my best, to-day," she said.

"Why, Miss Audrey, you don't want my help. I never saw you looking better. Your eyes are as bright as when you were a little girl, and you've got quite a colour."

I'm sure it's a treat to hear you speak in your old way again, for you have not cared what you looked like lately."

So that afternoon, notwithstanding there were girls there in the first bloom of their youth, fresh as the flowers they sat among, — beauties whose conquests and triumphs were only beginning, — none of them attracted more attention than did Audrey Verschoyle, with her well-dressed elegant figure, her intellectual face, and her thorough-bred, unconscious, self-possessed manner. As she entered the room all eyes were turned towards her, and among others those of a man who felt his heart give quick heavy beats, and his vision become dimmed until all was blotted out, except that face blanched white and upturned to his; a man who strained his ears to catch the sound of a voice which haunted him day and night, and yet who strove to command himself sufficiently to bend his head towards his companion and answer, —

"Yes, unusually cold for this time of year."

"Warm, I said," laughed the lady with whom he was conversing.

"Yes, I meant warm," answered Mr. Dynecourt.

In another moment he had touched Audrey's hand, had expressed to Lady Laura his pleasure at seeing her look so well, and his regret at hearing that her daughter had been an invalid, and made several other polite commonplace speeches. But not once had he turned his eyes upon Audrey, or addressed her in any way. As they moved on he looked at her, thinking, — "Her face looks as if it were chiselled out of marble — like her heart." And yet he could have flung himself at her feet and implored her to cheat him again. He longed for one of the old loving looks, and wished he could again feel the soft pressure of her hand, and hear the low-toned whispers that had lured him to misery, even were he then to be cast away, a prey to bitterness and despair.

And poor Audrey, how did it fare with her? She seemed suddenly benumbed; she was surprised she did not feel more. At home she had pictured their meeting, and how she would strive to look unconscious, and restrain the tears that would be ready to flow freely if he were cold and distant, as she feared he might be. Now all her fears were realized. He had, as much as he could without attracting notice, utterly ignored her, and yet she did not seem to care — did not seem to care for anything that might happen to herself, or to anybody.

Miss Bingham and Mrs. Winterton wondered why Mr. Ford had not come. Lady Laura, too, was surprised, although she did not worry herself much, being satisfied that her daughter had got over her fit of refusing him, and was now quite ready to be Mrs. Richard Ford when asked. Her ladyship thought this happy result entirely owing to her own diplomacy, and prided herself greatly on her skill in leaving Audrey at home, moping by herself. She considered this to be the final touch which had brought about the desired end. So she lent a ready ear to a story told by Mr. Marjoribanks, of how he had been fascinated in days gone by with a portrait of herself in the "Book of Beauty," and that by it he should have recognized her anywhere. In recounting her past triumphs, and the homage which had been paid to a beauty of which, she said, she might now safely speak without being accused of vanity, her daughter was forgotten.

Audrey was sitting for a few minutes alone, having asked Colonel Grant, with whom she had been talking, to get her some tea. Lifting her eyes suddenly, she met a look of passionate longing, that made every nerve tingle, and in an instant, without pausing to consider, she made a sign to Geoffrey Dynecourt to join her. He came to her at once, but with such sternness in his face that Audrey could hardly steady her voice to say, "I—I wanted to speak to you; could you find some place where we should not be overheard?"

Just then Colonel Grant returned with the tea, making many excuses for being delayed; and Mr. Dynecourt said, "I will look for the plant I was speaking of, Miss Verschoyle, and then perhaps you will permit me to show it to you."

He left her, and did not return until many of the company were moving about, looking at the ferns and rare plants, so that their being together was not likely to attract notice. "Near to this," he said, "there is a small room thrown open to the guests; no one was in it a few minutes since, and we are less likely to be interrupted there than anywhere else."

Audrey bowed her head; to speak seemed impossible.

A short glass-covered passage led to the room, the door of which Mr. Dynecourt opened, but immediately closed, finding it already occupied by a lady and gentleman engaged in conversation. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "You must take a turn with me in the garden. You have your bonnet and cloak on, it will not harm

you;" and before Audrey had time to question the propriety of this course she was walking by Geoffrey Dynecourt's side, and feeling that she would have given the whole world to have been anywhere else. Why had she brought him there? She had nothing to say, her strength seemed to be forsaking her, and she was overcome with shame at the thought that she was forcing her love upon him, and that he saw it. This nerved her to make a great effort and say, "Mr. Dynecourt, perhaps you may think me strangely inconsistent in wanting to speak to you alone. But Mr. Ford told me that you were thinking of going abroad for many years, and I—I could not bear that you should have a bad opinion of me all your life."

"A bad opinion," he said; "who told you that I had a bad opinion of you?"

"No one told me so in words; but the message you asked Mr. Ford to give me was no arrow shot at random. You knew it would wound where it was aimed."

"Pardon me, Miss Verschoyle, if I say I had no idea that you *could* be wounded."

Audrey did not answer; but turned with defiant eyes and looked straight at him as she said—

"Mr. Dynecourt, you are very hard upon me; but perhaps it is best, for your pity would be unbearable, and for a moment I feared that I might have incurred it. I see now that I was wrong to intrude myself upon you, and take you from pleasant society to listen to the woman who has taught you to show a want of courtesy to her sex. I came, in the weakness of my nature, to ask you to forgive the pain I have caused you, and not to think because I seemed to you false and hard-hearted, that truth and love had ceased to exist among us. I hope there is yet much happiness in store for you."

"Oh yes," he said, "I am certain of happiness. Exiled from my country, a homeless man without hope, without a creature to care for me, I cannot but be happy. If at any time a gloomy moment should come, I have but to recall the picture of my old home, the smell of whose very earth is dear to me. I have only to remember that it is in the hands of strangers; that the people who loved me and served me, as their fathers did my fathers, are serving other masters; and that the woman I would have died for, is mistress of Dyne Court, rejoicing in the lovely face which lured a weak fool to his destruction, and the arts which caught the old man who could give her the only thing her soul longed for—money, fine clothes, and jewels."

"It is false," she said; "I shall never be the wife of Richard Ford!"

"You tell me so, when not an hour since I heard your mother receiving congratulations on your approaching marriage? How am I to believe you?"

"Because I tell you."

"You tell me what?"

"That he has already asked me, and I have refused to marry him."

Geoffrey Dynecourt staggered and turned pale as death.

"And, sir," she continued haughtily, "now that I have added to my other sins in showing you how easily I can betray a confidence which noble-minded women consider sacred, it is time we parted," and she turned to leave him.

But Mr. Dynecourt grasped her arm and drawing her towards him, said, in a voice choked with emotion, —

"Audrey, for the sake of God who sees both our hearts, don't let us part like this. Have mercy upon me. Show me some pity, or I shall go mad. Have you nothing, nothing more to say to me?"

She lifted up her face, white to the lips, and looking for an instant into the eager, passionate eyes whose gaze seemed intense enough to read her thoughts, answered slowly,

"Yes — that — I — love — you with all my heart!" and then cold, undemonstrative Audrey threw her arms round this man's neck, and her tears rained upon his breast. He did not attempt to hush her, or to still her sobs, he only held her as if defying the whole world to tear her from him.

"Audrey," he whispered hoarsely, "you are not deceiving yourself and me? It is love, not pity, that you are giving me?"

The tightening of her arms was her only answer.

"You know I am poor, and that I never expect to be otherwise; that I can give you nothing but the necessities of life; that I ask you to share cares, anxieties, and perhaps troubles of which you have known nothing hitherto. What do you say?"

She no longer hid her face, but looking at him answered, "That if you will take me, I

will be your wife;" and in the kiss that sealed this bond "their hearts leaped to their lips," and vowed a constancy that death alone could sever. . . .

Have they been hours together, or has time stood still, that the light looks only a shade dimmer than it did when they entered this garden of paradise? Around nothing is changed, all is the very same except the two who are walking towards the house. Can this soft April expression, and these liquid, loving eyes belong to the cold, haughty-looking woman, whose face seemed chiselled out of marble? Is it possible that Geoffrey Dynecourt has ever looked stern and relentless, with hard lines about a mouth where now you could almost see dimples?

"And you are sure you never really ceased to love me?"

"Never; I used to hate myself, because I could not help loving you so madly."

"And I have lain and cried myself to sleep, thinking of our bitter parting, and that you had forgotten me."

"Oh, Audrey, how could I, how could any man who had ever loved you, cease to love you? My darling, night after night I have watched your window, and as I passed the house I have rested my hand against the wall, because inside was the treasure whose image filled my heart."

"We have both suffered!" she said.

"We have indeed, dearest, but how small it seems to the joy that I feel now! Oh! Audrey, I could ask you every moment if you love me, for the ecstasy of hearing you say you do."

"And I could listen to the question for ever, so sweet is it to know that you want my love."

"We must go in," he said; "I dare not keep you out longer, and yet to meet other people now seems more than I can bear."

"We only part until to-morrow, and my thoughts will not leave you for one moment;" then with her old gaiety she added, "Now let us gather up all our energies to meet the attack with boldness; for it fails me to think where the people imagine we can be."

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Before the mitrailleuse or mitrailleuse becomes domesticated among us, would it not be well to give it a name pronounceable by the rank and file? At the Tower on Saturday I heard a beefeater call the nine-shell mortar standing in the yard 'a

good-sized miter-you,' which is about as near a shot as we can expect from men who do not happen to know French. Why not call it a revolver, or cannon-revolver?"

Fall Mall Gazette.

From Fraser's Magazine.
FASHIONS IN HAIR AND HEAD-
DRESSES.*

THERE are three facts which the advocates of the Rights of Women, so far as these are based upon an alleged equality of the sexes, will find it extremely difficult to get over: 1. The peculiar functions of the fair sex touching the continuation of the species; 2. That no woman has ever manifested the highest order of genius in any walk of literature or art; 3. That woman have never been able to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of fashion, however absurd, ridiculous, destructive to beauty, or ruinous to health. Without entering on the main question, or seeking to break a lance with Mr. Mill, we wish to call attention to the third of these social phenomena and point the concomitant or resulting moral.

The history of masculine costumes is undoubtedly a stinging satire on the male sex. It comprises every variety of vestment or device by which the human form could be disguised, disfigured, or distorted. But if not more becoming, it has gradually become more rational; ease and comfort are pursued with even an undue disregard of appearances; and the movements of the most consummate exquisite are free and unfettered, except when he occasionally indulges in tight boots.

The greatest improvement is in the head; i.e. the outside; especially in the general abandonment of the peruke. Wigs, meant to pass for the natural hair of the wearer, are still to be detected by a critical observer, though daily getting rarer; but the formal and avowed peruke, a costly and inconvenient article, has been permanently laid aside except by the judicial body and the bar. Even the bishops have succeeded in discarding it after a prolonged struggle; in the course of which one of them (Pelham, Bishop of Chichester) is reported to have knelt in vain to George III. for permission to begin the innovation.

Immediately prior to the French Revolution, which introduced crops à la Brutus, the wigs commonly worn by gentlemen in the streets of London cost from thirty to forty guineas; "and (adds a distinguished contemporary) Rogers, appealing to Luttrell in our hearing, thus described a mode of theft as practised in London within their common memory. The operator was a small dog in a butcher's tray on the shoulders of a tall man; and when the wig

was adroitly twitched off, the bewildered owner looked round for it in vain; an accomplice confused and impeded under the pretence of assisting him, and the tray-bearer made off."

Whilst this custom lasted, the being wigged was as marked a step in the adolescent's approach to manhood as being breeched, and was postponed as long as possible by prudent parents with a view to economy. The second wife of Racine wrote thus to Jean-Baptiste, his son by his first; who, on becoming secretary of embassy in Holland, was obliged to conform to the fashion: "Your father deeply regrets the necessity which you say you are under of wearing a wig. He leaves the decision to the ambassador. When your father is in better health he will order M. Marguery to make you such a one as you require. Madame la Comtesse de Gramont is very sorry for you that you should lose the attraction which your hair gave you."

Two curious facts are recorded by M. Feuillet de Conches, showing the value and importance of the wig. The one, that Kant's wig, immediately on his death, was sold for thirty thousand florins, equivalent to nearly three thousand pounds sterling, and on being put up to auction some years afterwards fetched twelve thousand thalers, or rather more than half. The other, for which no authority is given, that when, after the battle of Ramillies, Marshal Villeroy's *perruque à nœud espagnol*, found amongst his baggage, was brought to Marlborough, the Duke put it on exultingly as the crowning triumph of the day. Lord Macaulay, who insists that avarice was the master passion of Marlborough's life, would probably have contended that he thus appropriated Villeroy's wig from motives of economy.

A curious instance of the utility of a wig is related in a modern book of travels. An emigrant on his way to the back settlements of North America was pursued by a savage bent on scalping him. He was overtaken, and the pursuer's grasp was on his head, preparatory to the operation. But he wore a wig, which came off; and the savage was so startled by the incident that he abandoned the meditated victim and ran away.

The best part of a century has elapsed since we, of the masculine gender, have emancipated ourselves from this tyrant custom, whilst women were never more completely subjected to it than now. They are not content with one phase of the folly: they insist not merely on making them-

* *Les Femmes blondes selon les peintres de l'école de Venise. Par deux Venitiens (M. Feuillet de Conches). Paris, 1865.*

• *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1866.

selves top-heavy by chignons or masses of false tresses, but on changing the natural colour of their hair, however suited to their complexion, for any artificial tint which may happen to have been brought into temporary vogue by an Anonyma or notorious member of the *demi-monde*. It is an undoubted fact that the fashion for golden, yellow, and light-auburn hair was imported into this country from Paris, where it was set by ladies of a class whose very existence would have been ignored not only by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but by the bevy of beauties who attended the first drawing-room of Queen Victoria.* And yet it might be traced far back to a classic, romantic, pictorial, or poetic source: it was equally irresistible in Rome when Rome was the mistress of the world, and in Venice when Venice was the recognized Queen of the Adriatic: we find it illustrated or recorded by the pens of Ovid and Catullus and the pencils of Titian and Giorgione. The Chloes, Pyrrhas, and Cynthias, as well as the Lauras, Lucretias, and Leonoras, were *blondes*; and the manner in which they acquired or increased their indispensable attractiveness in this respect has supplied materials for many a curious chapter in the history of morals and manners.

When the Abbé de Bernis arrived at Venice to fulfil his functions as ambassador, he immediately set about looking and enquiring for the famous *blondes*, so warmly and variously tinted, of the Venetian school of painters from Carpaccio downwards, a type differing widely from what passes under the designation of "fair" in this country. Judging from the portraits and historical masterpieces of this school, he expected to find Venice a vast paradise of *blondes* from the lightest shades of gold or flaxen to those little removed from auburn, chestnut, or red. To his ineffable disappointment and surprise, he found living *blondes* as rare as gardens and flowers at Venice; and instead of them he was everywhere encountered by *brunettes* with glossy

ebon tresses and complexions embrowned and enriched by their sun.

"These" (continues M. Feuillet de Conches) "no doubt had their price: no one knew this better than the Abbé. But after all he was in search of those splendid and voluptuous creatures crowned with gold by the illustrious painters; and perhaps in such a disposition the beautiful Corbeau Noir* of the Regent would only have excited his disdain. He knew by heart his Voiture and his Sarrasin; but he longed for something better than Paulet la Lionne;† and all his poetry was out of joint. He required at least the Lavinia of the Louvre Titian, or the original of the female figure in Giorgione's Astrologer of the Manfrini Gallery, or that fine personification of Venice, with eyes of limpid blue, on the ceiling of the Doge's Palace by Paul Veronese — Venice crowned and triumphant, displaying a superb form where nothing is out of harmony:

Et qui laisse a demi, sur son front orgueilleux,
En longues tresses d'or, tomber ses blondes che-
veux.

But all bloomed around him in the usual order of nature, scattering as at all times the divers shades of beauty, regardless of the caprices of art and the exclusive vanities of the world. In a word, the *brunette* predominated — the decided, pronounced *brunette*, with her prompt, rapid glance of sovereignty or sensibility, imperious or subdued. In vain did he frequent the popular fairs of the parishes; in vain did he attend with the discriminating glance of a connoisseur those exciting religious solemnities, those fêtes, which roused the whole population, and brought forth from the old quarters of Castello and Canareggio these types, preserved as it were under glass, of antique Venice — no Lavinia, neither in the churches, nor in the circles, nor under the mysteries of the gondola, nor in the Place St.-Marc, where beauty manifested itself in the good old times as a traditional product of the sun. Hardly anywhere a living sample of those ancient masses of yellow hair (*flavescentes*) with which every one of the women of the Supper of Paul Veronese (now in the Louvre)

* "Une Anglaise longtemps nommée Miss Anonyma, qui dompte les plus fougueux chevaux comme une écuyère de cirque, qui se mêle sans scrupules aux groupes des amazones du grand monde, aux matrones, aux misses de la Nobility et de la Gentry à Hyde Park, qui fait plaffer ses fins courriers à de grandes chasses aristocratiques —

With such array Harpalice bestrode
Her Thracian courser —

c'est elle qui la première s'est doré les cheveux au moyen de drogues, et qui rayonne sous la crinière lionne comme le blond Phébus. Une autre, une Anglaise encore, qui s'est decorée du nom le plus digne des perles d'Orient, jadis si fort prisées à Venise; qui le dispute de blancheur et de blond factice avec sa compatriote de Hyde Park, eclabousse Paris de son luxe." — *Les Femmes blondes*, p. 129.

* This name (Black Crow) was given by the Regent to one of his favourites, the Marquise de Parabere.

† An habitué of the Hotel de Rambouillet, celebrated by Voiture and Sarrasin, so called from the tawny colour of her hair.

Reine des animaux, adorable Lionne
Dont la douce fureur ne fait mourir personne,
Si ce n'est que l'amour se serve de vos yeux.

was adorned, as well as the other feminine creations of the master."

The same lively writer, whom we have rather paraphrased than translated, goes on to ask whether this seeming change or transformation was owing to an exceptional caprice of nature? "No, assuredly: the cause must be sought in the variations of fashion in which women delight, in their levity and mutability — 'Varium et mutabile semper.' In the sixteenth century, those who were not naturally *blondes* became so artificially. The Venetian painters of the period did no more than reproduce what they had constantly before their eyes." The general agreement amongst them to paint only *blondes* is a sufficient proof that in this country of *brunettes* there were no longer *brunettes*. To be blonde had become an art; and what at first, under Carpaccio, at the end of the fifteenth century, was still but a caprice of coquetry, had become later, under Titian and Paul Veronese, the dream and the necessity of the generality of Venetian women. "Every traveller learned in art, arriving for the first time at Venice, must have felt the same surprise as the Abbé de Bernis. We ourselves, Venetians, in order to explain for you the past in comparison with the present, were naturally led to the study of the origin, the means, and the results of this episode in our manners; and the documents, the evidences of all sorts that we then collected on this subject, are calculated, we think, especially at this time, to interest public curiosity in France" — and he might well add in England, where the fashion has been revived in its most extravagant and mischievous form, to the terror of husbands and fathers, whose purses are laid under heavy contribution to pay for what offends their notions of propriety and their taste.

A single extract from the many curious books cited to throw light on this topic will suffice to show how the dames of Venice set to work to acquire the coveted attraction, and what dangers they incurred, what privations they endured, in the attainment of it. The Strasburg goose, fastened to the floor before a fire to enlarge its liver, affords the closest parallel to the fair, or would be fair, Venetian, with her dripping head exposed to the sun, as Cesare Vecellio, writing in 1589, pictures her:

"The houses of Venice are commonly crowned with little constructions in wood, resembling a turret without a roof. On the ground these lodges or boxes are formed of masonry, floored like what are called terrazzi at Florence and Naples, and

covered with a cement of sand and lime to protect them from the rain. It is in these that the Venetian women may be seen as often and indeed oftener than in their chambers; it is there that, with their heads exposed to the full ardour of the sun during whole days, they strain every nerve to augment their charms, as if they needed it, as if the constant use of so many methods known to all did not expose their natural beauty to pass for no better than artificial. During the hours when the sun darts its most vertical and scorching rays they repair to these boxes and condemn themselves to broil in them unattended. Seated there, they keep on wetting their hair with a sponge dipped in some elixir of youth prepared with their own hands or purchased. They moisten their hair afresh as fast as it is dried by the sun, and it is by the unceasing renewal of this operation that they become what you see them, *blondes*. When engaged in it they throw over their ordinary dress a *peignoir* or dressing-gown, of the finest white silk, which they call *schiavonetto*. They wear on their heads a straw hat without a crown, so that the hair drawn through the opening may be spread upon the borders. This hat, doing double duty as a drying-line for the hair and a parasol to protect the neck and face, was called *salana*." In winter, or when the sun failed, they wetted and dried their hair before a fire.

The precise duration of this practice is left in doubt. The fashion that led to it certainly lasted long enough to exercise a marked influence on art, and we learn from the same authority that it spread rapidly, "invading all Italy, if not all Europe." He traces it at Rome, Naples, and Paris, and shows how the provinces were inoculated with it by the provincial great ladies, the wives of the governors and presidents, who uniformly appeared with *coiffures blondes*, natural or artificial, interwoven with pearls and jewels. Pearls were especially in request, although we nowhere read of the ropes of pearls on which Mr. Disraeli expatiates in *Lothair*. "Look here," exclaimed the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI., opening a casket full of pearls, and displaying them to the envoy of Hercules of Ferrara, whose son was a suitor for the hand of Lucretia — "Look here. All this is for my Lucretia! I wish her to be the princess of all Italy who has the finest and the greatest number of pearls."

There still flourishes at Paris, unaffected by politics or war, a man milliner, who exercises an almost unlimited authority over the female world of fashion. If we are

not misinformed, he is by birth an Irishman and began life as an artist. He takes measure at a glance of the figure, form, age, height, complexion and expression of a customer, and dictates the resulting decision without appeal. Such or such a costume is best suited to her as regards cut, colour, and materials, and such only will he condescend to make. It is not her fancy or vanity, but a thing of infinitely more importance to himself and society, his own reputation, that is at stake. It is this confidence or insolence that has made his fortune. He is as difficult of approach as a lord chamberlain or a prime minister. On the eve of a grand reception at the Tuileries or a fancy ball, a long line of coroneted carriages fills his street, and his ante-chamber is crowded with clients in full attire, each of whom undergoes the most careful inspection in her turn, lest the effect anticipated by the master should be marred by the maladroitness of the maid.

We learn from Vecellio that the Venice of his day could boast of more than one artist in costume who was held in equal honour and authority. Speaking of the rich stuffs and brocades for which Venice was famous, he says that the inventor was a certain Bartolomeo da Calice, a Venetian of wonderful ingenuity, a perfect gentleman in manner and behaviour, greatly cherished by the nobility. "Princes sought to be personally acquainted with him, and to be supplied with his commodities. He was held in singular honour by the most serene and magnificent Duke of Mantua, and he supplied even the establishment of the Grand Turk. Along with this excellent man there were other tyrants of fashion, illustrious composers, patricians of the needle and scissors. There was, for example, one Messer Giovanni, who kept an establishment near the church of San Lio, and scattered precious stones and pearls in robes and tunics. Language had not expression sublime enough to exalt to the clouds this miracle of creation, this artist of such richness of ideas, of such profundity in the art of embellishing, of so much science, as the phrase went. He was the *rarissimo*, the incomparable, to enrich fashion with his inventions. The finest gondolas swarmed about his temple, to such an extent that the Council of Ten took alarm, forbade the usage of pearls, and scattered consternation through the camp of female worshippers."

It stands to reason that the charlatans and the quacks of the period vied with one another in specifics and recipes for bestowing beauty or restoring youth. So long as

medical knowledge was almost exclusively empirical and rarely attained to the dignity of science, the most celebrated physicians did not disdain to minister to female vanity, and grow rich on female credulity. Dr. Marinello, of Modena, after establishing his reputation by his *Luminare Majus* or "Light of Apothecaries and Treasure of Herborists," published in 1562 a treatise on the adornment of woman, *Gli Ornamenti delle Donne*, which became their gospel. He thus concludes his chapter of Recipes:—

Permit me to remind you, honoured and honourable ladies, that the application of so many colours to your hair may strike a chill into the head like the shock of a shower bath; that it affects and penetrates, and, what is worse, may entail divers grave maladies and infirmities. Therefore I should advise you to take all possible precautions. For example, mix cloves, musk, amber, and other heating or stimulating ingredients with your unguents and elixirs. What may not otherwise happen even as regards the colour? Your hair may turn out rough, coarse, and altogether changed for the worse, a disaster which you will avoid if you take care to add to your compositions things fit to soften them—things which I have enumerated in another place. We frequently see the hair, affected in its essentials or at its roots, grow weak and fall off, and the complexion destroyed, through the use of so many injurious liquids and decoctions. Recur, for the first case, to oil of violet, and for the second to olive oil warm; your complexion will immediately recover its most becoming tints. In all and each of these little things and ways, sweet and honourable ladies, have infinite prudence, so as to avoid the self-reproach of the terrible evils that may ensue.

There is one penalty which no amount of prudence can avert or mitigate:—

The first step in error none e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen for ever must fall.

The woman who has once taken to painting and colouring must go on painting and colouring; rarely, if ever, does the complexion regain its bloom, the skin its smoothness, or the hair its gloss. In most cases the operator must go on deepening the hue, and in no case can he or she be sure of the shade or tint which successive applications will produce. A lady who wishes to continue golden or flaxen may come out red or brown in her own despite. One popular novelist (Mr. Warren, in *Ten Thousand a Year*) has recorded what befel an ambitious youth who, having made an abundant and confiding use of a celebrated tincture, awoke one fine morning in a condition that elicited from his house-keeper the by no means flattering comparison to a monkey, his hair having turned

purple, his whiskers green, and his eyebrows white. Another (Theodore Hook) tells the true story of a major who, finding his hair getting thin and grey, was advised to rub his head with an infallible specific, and not take off his nightcap for twenty-four hours. On taking his nightcap off at the end of the time specified, he was struck by its close resemblance to a crow's nest, the whole of his hair having come off with it.

The *Compendio di Secreti Razionali*, by the Cavaliere Fioravanti, is described as less rich in recipes than its predecessor, inasmuch as it contains only twenty-seven; yet they are marked by refinements and delicate distinctions of their own, as indicated by the headings: "How to turn the hair *blonde à la napolitaine*;" "How *à la vénitienne*." The manner in which the recipe *à la napolitaine* became known to the author is related in his book:

Signora Giovannella, wife of Don Philip della Rocca, Treasurer of the Kingdom of Sicily, used this recipe, and her example was followed by all the ladies who were smitten by the love of display. When I went to the kingdom (1548-1549) and attended this lady in the cruel malady with which she was afflicted, her first words after her recovery were, "What sort of *eau blonde*, what mixtures, do the Venetian ladies use?" I told her I did not know; for young as I was at that time I had hardly turned my mind to such sorts of things. It was then that she gave me her own recipe in writing, as well as those of several other divine beauties—precious secrets which I shall transcribe in their fitting places, and certainly I will not fail to give them as her personal secrets, considering that in my letters I stand formally pledged to give her the credit of them, thus keeping faith towards so generous, so amiable, so distinguished a lady.

Some thirty years since a celebrated English beauty excited the envy and admiration of many a fair rival, by the art with which her ringlets were made to undulate in a compressed shape down the cheek and expand into rich clustering curls upon the neck and shoulders. Vowing that no human consideration should induce her to reveal the secret in her lifetime, she held out a faltering expectation of bequeathing it to a friend; but she could not endure the thought of even a posthumous eclipse or equality: self-love prevailed over friendship: she died and made no sign; and the secret is lost forever to the world.

The grains of irony and mockery scattered amongst Fioravanti's recipes may justify an occasional doubt whether he seriously believed in their efficacy. Thus *Del modo di far parere una donna bellissima*,

per bruta che ella sia (How to make a woman beautiful, however ugly): the prescription is simple and intelligible enough; only, unluckily, the drugs are not to be found in the *Materia Medica*, and the patient would search in vain for an apothecary to make it up. It is "to be rich, to be gay, to be happy, to have neither anxious thoughts nor causes for giving way to them."

Considering the multiform risks and inconveniences involved in the use of colouring preparations or expedients, perhaps the wisest course was to shave the head and wear a wig, like our own Queen Elizabeth, of whom a German traveller, Paul Hentzner, states, "She wore false hair, and that red;" or like la Reine Margot, the first wife of Henry IV., who had her fair-haired pages shaved to supply materials for her wigs. That Mary Queen of Scots had a complete assortment of wigs and wore one at her execution, is recorded on the most unimpeachable evidence.

The wonder is where all the false hair comes from at times like the present, when the demand is seemingly out of all proportion to the supply. Speaking of the seventeenth century, M. Feuillet de Conches says: "The young women of the lower class then bartered their hair as they do still in some provinces in France. At Nérès, for example, there is an annual fair where the country girls come to barter their hair for trifling articles of dress, and thereby enrich the traders who encourage them to this base trade." But the comparatively small number of cropped heads which are to be found in any class or country do not bear out the theory that this system of barter is widely extended, and we suspect that the market is mainly supplied by contributions surreptitiously levied on the dead. If anything could check the fashion, it would be the impossibility of dissociating it from thoughts of disease, putrefaction, and decay.

The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in reference to the geese which saved the Capitol, made a collection of all the passages in Latin and Greek authors, in prose and verse, alluding to the watchfulness of geese; and the result may be read in two learned communications addressed by him to *Notes and Queries* whilst he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. How exultingly, had the thought occurred to him, would he have anticipated or co-operated with M. Feuillet de Conches in bringing together the passages in the same authors which prove, or are supposed to prove, the preference awarded by classical antiquity to the blondes! As it is, the number cited by the

accomplished Frenchman do high credit to his learning and research. The most striking are the most familiar, as in the famous Ode to Pyrrha:

*Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplicx munditiis?*

Or in the metrical quarrel and reconciliation with Lydia:

*Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ.*

Or in this reference to Phyllis:

*Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorant parentes.*

So the Cynthia of Propertius, to whom *Fulva coma est*: and the Delia of Tibullus, *flavis nostra puella comis*; and the favourites of Ovid of whom

Forma placet, niveusque color flavique capilli.

Then there are the Dido and the Lavinia of Virgil tearing their yellow hair; and the Cassandra of Euripides; and Phryne who corrupted her judges by standing before them with no covering but her golden or yellow hair; and Minerva, and Venus, and Aurora, and Flora, and Pomona. The list might be indefinitely extended; but so, on the other hand, might the list of brown or dark-haired and dark-eyed beauties and objects of worship, historical, fanciful, or mythological. If the Graces were fair, the Muses were dark; so were Juno, Andromeda, Sappho, and Cleopatra—

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes
Brow-bound with burning gold.*

Descending to modern times we find the dark-haired competing very nearly if not quite on equal terms with the light or fair; and that, excluding a brief exceptional period, the rival tints or complexions were equally popular is proved by the fashion of wearing differently coloured hair by turns:

*Est-elle brune? est-elle blonde?
Rien ne l'égale dans ce monde,
Rien n'égale aussi mon amour,
Et sans être inconstant, j'ai la bonne fortune
D'être amant en un même jour
Et d'une belle Blonde et d'une belle Brune.*

Agnes Sorel, Diane de Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Estrées, almost all the female celebrities of the Fronde (including the Duchess of

Longueville), Ninon de l'Enclos, and La Vallière, were *blondes*. So was Paule de Toulouse, who was followed by so tumultuous a crowd of admirers whenever she went abroad as to compel the interference of the magistrates to keep them off. "But these sagacious magistrates knew the human heart too well not to solicit and obtain by way of compensation from the complacency of the idol that she should submit to the soft compulsion of appearing in public twice a week." Marie Mancini, the first serious love of Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon, the last, were dark. Modern poets and romance writers have made their heroines light and dark, according to the exigencies of fiction as requiring either gay or grave characters, or have aimed at effect by contrasts, like Minna and Brenda in *The Pirate*, Flora M'Ivor and Rose Bradwardine in *Waverley*, or Corinne and Lucile in Madame de Staël's masterpiece.

"Some one, I forget who," remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, "was foolish enough to say that a brown woman is but a softened or effeminate boy. He must have been in a bad humour when he gave utterance to so gratuitous an affront." The practice of tinting statues, as revived by Mr. Gibson, if it really prevailed among the ancients, may be cited as a strong proof of their preference for fair, yellow, or blonde.

Fashion has run riot in form still more mischievously than in colour. One of Addison's best papers in the *Spectator* (No. 98) is directed against the head-dress of his day:

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it to rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such enormous stature that men appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind that shall be entirely new, or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizable is still a secret, though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than

* Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*. He uses *fair* in the sense of beautiful or handsome, and we have unluckily no English words corresponding with *blond*, *brun*, and *brunette*. The term *black*, as formerly used to describe a dark-complexioned man, has become obsolete.

before. For my own part I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself. I admire the sex more in their present humiliation which has reduced them to their natural dimensions than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. . . .

One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads, and indeed I very much admire that these female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew up by several orders and stories, as he has humorously described it :

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus
altum
Ælificat caput : Andromachen a fronte videbis ;
Post minor est : aliam credas.

He then goes on to commemorate the strenuous efforts made by a monk in the fourteenth century to abate a similar nuisance. "This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode, and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit." But the ladies put

more faith in their head-dresses as sources of power and influence than the magicians in their books. "Notwithstanding this prodigy vanished whilst the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure;" or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "The women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again so soon as the danger was over."

In the course of the eighteenth century it successively became the fashion in France for women of rank to wear mimic frigates (*à la Belle Poule*) and bunches of artificial fruit or vegetables, by way of head-dress.

The manner in which this mental and moral disease (for it is such), inherited from the remotest ages, is periodically breaking out anew, justifies a strong presumption of incurability. The utmost we venture to hope is some slight mitigation of the symptoms; that, for example, the fair sex would be satisfied with either colouring or enlarging their heads, and would not insist on both tinting their natural hair and wearing a mass of artificial hair into the bargain. If the present fashion should not abate, it will be for the grave consideration of artists, both sculptors and painters, whether they will hand down such misshapen subjects to posterity, and perhaps the most effective remedy would be their refusal by common agreement to draw or chisel a head which is artificially out of keeping with the modesty of nature or disfigured by a head-dress glaringly disproportioned to the form.

At the present moment, when the treaties of 1815, or at least the questions which these treaties were meant to settle, are again turning up, the following passages from a pamphlet on "England and the Italian Question," written by Mr. Matthew Arnold in 1859, is singularly apposite :—

For the treaties of Vienna the English aristocracy is mainly answerable, so overwhelming was the preponderance at the end of the war of the country whose influence they wielded. The race of politicians who regard those treaties as the venerable product of wisdom is nearly extinct. Their great object was to erect barriers against France. To accomplish this object, instead of creating a strong Germany, they created the impotent German Confederation: placing on the frontiers of France the Duchy of Baden and an outlying province of Bavaria, and splitting the action of Germany so that her two chief Powers * will always be beaten by France.

They created the incoherent kingdom of Holland and the insufficient kingdom of Sardinia; they strengthened Austria against France by adding to Austria provinces which have ever been a source of weakness to her. They left to France Alsace and German Lorraine, which unity of race and language might with time have solidly reattached to Germany. In compensation they took from France provinces which the same unity may one day enable her to reabsorb. The treaties of Vienna were eminently treaties of force, treaties which took no account of popular ideas; and they were unintelligent and capricious treaties of force.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE Federal Government of the United States of Columbia has paid a debt to the state of Panama by the transfer of house property in Panama, which is to be converted into a college for that city.

Nature.

* The Prussia here spoken of is the isolated ante-Bismarckian Prussia of eight millions.

CHAPTER V.

VERY CROSS.

LIONEL WILMOT had been six or seven years out of England, and he had come back once more to its society with extreme zest; everything and everybody was interesting to him after his long fast, and his uncle's house especially so.

May had been only a child when he went away, and it was very piquant to make acquaintance with the young lady so pretty and so clever, with a brother's advantages and yet without a brother's familiarity, to be able to say "brotherly things in a very unbrotherly way." There was a sort of unwritten law in the family by which cousin marriages were forbidden as wrong and undesirable, and May took him very simply on the footing of her brothers. She was so accustomed to men's society that she was neither shy nor prudish nor forward with them. If men and women meet naturally and constantly with common occupations, and not only in dress coats and evening gowns with wreaths on their heads manner between them settles itself easily enough.

Lionel had been in command of a large district up country at the Cape; he had seen a good deal of hard service against the Kaffirs, and his uncle and Tom were always calling upon him for hairbreadth escapes and bits of fighting experience; and such things to hear do Desdemonas often seriously incline.

"The Kaffirs had burned a farm belonging to a Boer," he was telling one day, "and we were sent in pursuit. We scoured the whole neighbourhood, but there was not a black skin to be found within miles. At last we had made a fire, and were sitting down to get some food, when suddenly a naked savage came out on the bare plain, though you'd have sworn the scrub wasn't high enough to hide a hare, and grinned as he aimed his gun at me; I was only just in time for him."

"And you killed him!" said May, rather reproachfully.

"Why that's what they were there for. It was neck or nothing," put in Tom, rather scornfully.

"It's very horrid, though, to think of killing even savage men in that way, like beasts," mused May. "After all, they were only defending their country against you."

Lionel turned quickly to her. "It's very true; but when you see a naked savage ramping along the ground like a serpent, you come at last to look upon him merely as a dangerous beast of preternatural sagacity, not at all as a man. But I don't

defend it," he added with a smile. "One's Christianity wants rubbing up as well as one's manners when one gets home."

"I dare say the Romans hunted and improved us off the face of the earth much after the same fashion, and were quite proud of it afterwards," said the Squire, thoughtfully.

"And then the soldiers sometimes grew perfectly furious and couldn't be held in. One day five of our men had been sent across a track, so bare even of grass that it seemed as if a partridge couldn't have hidden. They could find nothing, and came back the way they went, when three or four hundred Kaffirs sprang up, through the midst of whom they must have passed. They were five to many hundred, and were cut to pieces. We came up just too late, and you may fancy there wasn't much mercy shown."

"Well, when Macaulay's New Zealander comes to write history, there'll be some queer things told by the other side, I fancy," said May.

"No, I haven't read it, and I don't know about the New Zealander," answered Lionel with a smile, shaking his head. "Very few books got up the pass to—. I'm terribly ignorant, May, I'm afraid, about such things. Give me the book; I'll do my best to read and understand it now, at all events, but you'll all think me very stupid."

There was a manly humility about the young soldier, which was very engaging in a man who had done and seen so much in life.

It was his second visit, and one morning before luncheon they were all busily engaged in the old library, the round table covered with plans and sketches, at which May sat making drawings, according to orders, for a new cottage which he wished to build at Brickwall. Her father stood over her on one side, giving his experience and his hints with the utmost interest; while Lionel on the other was doing his best to answer his uncle's difficult questions, and to be up to the mark in his new position of landed proprietor. "Price of bricks? I'm afraid I can't tell. Carpenters' wages? I must write and inquire." And Tom, lounging over the *Times*, contributed his valuable assistance from time to time in an undertone, not intended for his father—"Say a pound a day; he must be worth ten corporals, Lionel." "I'm sure May's left out the staircase, you'd better look well after her," and so on; when on this group so occupied Walter Scrope was suddenly introduced. He had

been asked to come to Fernyhurst by Tom in the course of a walking tour, but there was a sort of blank when he entered the room, which even those who are really welcome always occasion when they interrupt a good morning's work.

After the first greetings Mr. Dimsdale retired into the shelter of his own room, with a formidable-looking Blue Book under his arm.

"Philanthropy in her very best pelisse and pantoufles," said Walter, rather superciliously, as he stood with his hands in his pockets watching May, who had returned to her drawing, and was discussing the cottage once more with Lionel.

"Shall I put a finial on the gable or not, in spite of the estimate?" said she.

"Æsthetic with a vengeance," observed Walter. "Will all those smartnesses make the kitchen a bit more comfortable for the people?"

"But there isn't any particular virtue in ugliness, surely," remonstrated Lionel; "the finials and all will not make it cost five pounds more, and the cottage will be seen all round."

"Seen!" said Walter. "What does it signify how it looks?"

"And why on earth shouldn't it look pretty if it can, I should like to know, you contradictory old cynic?" put in Tom. "There's the gong sounding, luckily, and I hear my mother on the stairs—luncheon has charms to soothe the savage soul."

But even the mollifying influence of food seemed lost upon Walter in his present mood, and in a few minutes he broke out in a fresh place.

"Where is your father, May? isn't he coming in?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale, who was being waited upon diligently by the whole party, including Walter.

"He must go over to Bereton almost directly, he says, mamma, for this Poor-Law meeting," answered May.

"It's so strange to hear all these troubles about able-bodied paupers when one's just been listening to the clamour for labourers out at the Cape," said Lionel. "Why don't they give some lectures to the working-classes about the colonies?"

"I wonder what people mean by the working-classes," grumbled Walter from the other end of the table. "I'm one of them, I hope. All this preaching and teaching is very fine, I dare say, and we're no doubt much obliged, but I fancy we'd as lief be left alone."

"Surely there's no harm for anybody in learning about emigration or anything else; we can't all brew our own wisdom at home,"

said Lionel, smiling good-naturedly as he poured himself out carelessly a glass of his uncle's home-brewed.

Walter muttered something about "how any one could spoil good beer in that fashion," as he frothed his own portion scientifically.

"What will you do this afternoon, Scrope?" interposed Tom. "My father said he would ride with Lionel; will you have a horse too?"

"I've got two good legs given me by nature to walk with, and I wasn't born to four horses," growled he.

"Humble toddler!" said Tom with much pathos, "but I didn't offer Diogenes' four horses, only an old pony."

Walter smiled grimly at himself. "I'll take a walk with you if you'll come with me," said he, more graciously; and they went off, Tom murmuring, "That sweet passage from Shakespeare, Scrope, about the two lions roaring upon Afric's torrid shore, and you remember that 'the first lion thought the next a bore.'"

The visit was by no means a success. Walter was annoyed at Lionel's presence; it disarranged all his habits. Tom's allegiance belonged to him, as it were, by rights of old school days; and although he and May always quarrelled, yet her undivided attention had generally been his, if only to defend the fortress of her opinion. Now another seemed to rule in his stead in his old haunts, and he was hurt in his affections, though it looked a little as if it were only in his temper, and he was exceedingly cross.

Lionel was a good deal puzzled at the way in which his attempts at friendliness were taken, and the short answers he received. In truth, Walter's behaviour was not at all "pretty," and on the second day he went away, rather to the relief of all; making some excuse about the necessity of finishing his reading.

"Mr. Scrope was quite savage. I can't think what was the matter with him; he always looked as if he were going to bite," said Lionel.

"A guisa de leon quando si posa," said May, who was reading Dante.

"Like the yard-dog when he wants to fly at you," muttered Tom, who was not poetical. "Cynic, from *kun*, *kunos*, 'a dog,'" he added, with so good an imitation of Walter's manner that they both burst out laughing.

"Ah, but he's worth twenty of you put together, for all that," said the good Tom, staunch in his allegiance. He would let no one laugh at his friend but himself.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNFORTUNATE QUESTION.

WALTER came back again in the autumn, and had apparently recovered his temper. He had begun to read law very diligently in London, where he lived upon the small fellowship which he had just obtained, and was only too glad to come down as often as he could to Fernyhurst, which new railroads had now made more accessible.

They were arguing again as diligently as ever the next morning. It had been raining fast, and he and Tom were waiting till it was fine enough to go out shooting, lingering round the breakfast table, with the snowy whiteness of its "napery," the bright china, the silver embossed coffee and tea services, all the pretty, gay-looking accompaniments of that pleasantest of English meals, set out in the bow of the south room, cheerful even in the dulllest weather.

"Too democratic!" cried Walter. "Every man, if he's decently educated, has as great a right to govern himself as you have, of whatever rank; and he'll get his right too, you'll see, in very little time."

"You'd better go and live in America," said conservative Tom. "I declare you are only fit for over the water."

"And why shouldn't I, I want to know? It must be a fine thing to live in a country where there are no poor except by their own faults. I mean to go there before I die."

"To settle?" said May, sarcastically.

"When everything else fails in England," he answered, a little bitterly. "It'll hurt nobody. Nobody'll care. Why shouldn't I?"

"They're so cocksure they're wiser than the whole old world put together. As if nobody'd ever known anything before they were born. I can't bear 'em," cried Tom.

"Oh, you go in for the wisdom of our ancestors? It makes me savage to hear you. I'm sure the world has been wasting its time horribly if it isn't wiser now than it ever was before. What has it been doing all this while, I should like to know?"

"The mere act of doing a thing often, teaches a man or a nation a great deal," replied Tom.

"Not a bit. A man has put on his stockings every morning, let us say; that's twenty-five thousand times by the time he's near seventy, leaving out the days when he was too sick or too little to put them on for himself; then he thinks there can't be any better stockings than his, and prosers on to anybody who wants to improve them about

the wisdom of his ancestors! I'm all for the wisdom of posterity — putting the golden age in the future, and forgetting the past as quick as possible."

"Would you pull down the foundation to build the house better? Perhaps both's best. 'Si jeunesse savait, et si vieillesse pouvait,' says the old French peasant," observed the Squire quietly, as he went out of the room to his business.

"Just look at those Italian and French democrats, always pulling down!" said Tom scornfully. "I caught May crying over 'Silvio Pellico' yesterday. I can't think how you could be taken by such a book."

"The Italian liberals weren't democrats, Tom, a bit, anyhow."

"The Italians haven't succeeded because they didn't deserve success. They were romantic, and had no common sense about their revolutions," went on Tom, without attending, and with an Englishman's proper contempt for "foreigners."

"I hate to hear people talk so," cried May. "Success is such a low gauge."

"A cause always succeeds if it's a really good cause, you may depend on that," replied Tom dogmatically.

"Treason, they say, ne'er prospers. More's the reason;

For when it does, no man dares call it treason,"

said Walter.

"You must have common sense about revolutions as about everything else; you'll allow that, Scrope, I suppose?"

"Uncommon sense perhaps is what's wanted," retorted Walter. "I believe that clever men do succeed if they care enough about a thing to take all the means necessary; but sometimes they're dirty ones, and there are often things dearer to them than success; their conscience, or their independence, or their opinion, and then they don't succeed," said he, thinking only half of the Italians. "Very fine fellows fail sometimes," he added with something like a sigh.

"I don't understand what you mean," argued Tom stubbornly. "Our revolution came right because we knew what we wanted and fought till we got it. The Italians go mooning on, singing about liberty."

May understood perfectly; she did not like assistance from Walter Scrope's quarter, but she could not help herself in the energy of her interest.

"The Reformation in Spain and Italy, for instance. Would you say purity of doctrine was good in England, for it suc-

ceeded, and bad with them because it failed?"

"Nothing succeeds like success in the world," May could not help putting in.

"Job the just might have died on his dunghill (and often does, for that matter), and you'd hardly say that he wasn't just. Why, there would never be a great deed done in the world if you were always to weigh what you do by common sense — neither martyrs nor heroes — men from Socrates downwards risk all that common sense holds dear. Would common sense send you up a forlorn hope, I wonder?"

"Or make Sir John Eliot die in a dungeon? Why, he had his children and estate to look after."

"What do you say to Hannibal?" said Walter. "Was Carthage wrong because she came to a bad end?"

"Or the Maccabees, or John Huss?" followed up May eagerly.

"Little things and big too. Suppose Sir Robert Peel saw a child fall into the river, and nobody near, common sense would say, 'Your life is very valuable, and there are heaps more dirty children in the world; you can't swim well, and you'll certainly catch cold.' But if he stood on the shore and stretched out his umbrella, and let the child drown, Tom would say it was very sensible; but he'd add a very uncomfortable epithet, I fancy."

"What a hailstorm!" said Tom, who was lying back in his chair with his eyes shut, and now just opened the corner of one. "I'm quite dead; don't kill me any more! I'll agree to everything you have said, will say, or can say, 'in secula seculorum.'"

"Tom's a Sadducee, and doesn't believe in heroes," observed Walter, with a smile.

"I'm not so sure of that, old fellow," answered he, looking affectionately at him. "And now let's go out shooting; it's done raining; and there's the keeper. My father says he won't go with us to-day."

Towards evening, May, having been busy all day, was taking her pastime sitting on the floor, reading by the firelight in the drawing-room. Great logs had just been heaped on, and the flickering flame was glancing on the folds of red curtain, the panelled ceiling, and the Sir Joshua on the wall opposite, making all look very warm, genial, and pleasant. She had just got the last number of Dickens, which then supplied the place of the five-and-twenty periodical stories which we are now confounding in our heads, with a desperate uncertainty whether Miss Y —'s most virtuous lady is breaking her heart for Miss B —'s

exceedingly disreputable gentleman, or who is the lady that you 'can' or cannot 'forgive.'"

May had fully made herself comfortable in her favourite position when she heard the parting guns of the shooters firing away their last charges as they came near the house, and presently Walter, in his "stocking-feet" — for Mrs. Dimsdale was known to be stern in her regard for her carpets — came into the room.

"Tom's slipped into the Deep Dene pool, going after a wild duck, and is wet through, so he's gone up to dress," said he, approaching the fire.

"What have you done? have you had a nice day?" said she, looking up. She felt bound to show some interest, but was in a great hurry to get back to her book, and perhaps secretly a little wished that he had been wet through as well as her brother.

"Only a teal — the duck got away after all — two snipe, and some odds and ends," said he indifferently, as he leant his head against the mantelpiece, and looked down on the fire and the half-lit figure, in its careless grace, which knelt beside it.

May's head was full of her story, and she was considering how soon politeness would allow her to return to the woes of Florence Dombey, when Walter, in a changed voice, began —

"May — Miss Dimsdale — I want to ask you a question."

She was startled at his tone, and looked up a little anxiously, but without any idea of what he was intending.

"May, I want you to come and help me in London; there's a great deal of grand work to be done there among the people, work which I can't do without a wife," he said, shortly. "Things you would understand about them, which only a woman knows. We could work together, I'm sure, very usefully, and" (as if it were rather an extra in the compact) "you must know what an affection I have for you."

She sprang from the ground very much frightened. "Oh no," she said hurriedly. "I don't think we're suited one bit; it wouldn't answer at all, I'm sure. Such a thing never even came into my head," she added, ruefully. "You're not serious?"

He did not answer.

"I'm so grieved," she said sorrowfully; "I hadn't the least idea that you could misunderstand. I thought we were always quarrelling, as Tom said."

"No, I didn't misunderstand you, I misunderstood myself. I never looked before my nose to see what the quarrelling meant, that it was because I couldn't bear you to

be of a different opinion from me about anything."

And he crossed his arms on the mantelpiece, and laid his head upon them as he looked into the fire again dismally.

"Miss Dimsdale," he suddenly blurted out, "wouldn't it be possible — should you mind — couldn't we go on as before, without saying anything of this mistake to anybody? Not that I care who knows, but things are so much easier, and if you didn't mind my coming on here — I shan't trouble you, and I care for you all very much," said he, with a break in his voice, cynic as Tom called him.

"I was just thinking so," answered May, thoughtfully; "I'm sure I don't see why anybody should know. It would pain Tom very much, and do no good, and my dear father hates that sort of talk, you know; he's always bored and annoyed about such things. We might go on quarrelling again, just the same as of old," she said with a laugh, as she glanced up at him. It was evident not only was she heartwhole herself, but that she did not believe in his hurt being great.

He left the room as suddenly as he had come in, but she could not go on with her book.

"He's very excellent, and very clever, and all that," she said to herself, as she sat with her hands over her eyes, "but *that* isn't love a bit." She had not troubled her head much about such matters, but she had an ideal, like other folk, on the subject, and neither the man nor the wooing fulfilled it in any way. How could he make such a blunder? It was very tiresome and stupid of him, and must, more or less, spoil the ease of their intercourse; but still, there could be no farther misunderstanding now about the matter, which was perhaps a good thing, and she was only too glad to put the whole question aside in her mind as settled and done for, and best forgotten altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

A DANCING TEA.

CHARLIE had just been appointed a lieutenant, and having been given leave for a run home, appeared at Fernyhurst a few days after, not full of the glories of advancement, as the uninitiated would imagine, but beset with grievances, to which he was a good deal addicted, in spite of his high spirits; it is the normal state, indeed, of the British sailor; it is almost a point of honour with him not to be satisfied; he "cannot get his promotion," or if he has, he does not "get a ship," or it is the wrong

ship, not so big or not so fast as somebody else's, and his woes are a perennial fountain of bitterness. He was now recounting these at the utmost length to May, as he lay in a great chair very comfortably one morning, in her sanctum of the nursery, while she was doing the house accounts for her mother.

"It's quite abominable of the Admiral," he repeated, for at least the twentieth time; "he hasn't said a word about taking me as his flag lieutenant, and if one's own uncle won't do anything for one! and there's papa won't ask the First Lord for anything — why he ought to sit on the Admiralty steps till they give me a ship!" which, as the Admiral had at present no command, and his father had worked every possible engine to get him his promotion, was perhaps a little unjust.

Presently the door opened, and three of their eldest sister's children, who were staying in the house, came rushing in.

"Aunt May, grandmamma says she doesn't want us any more, and we're to come to you to do our lessons, and that you are to go down directly and speak to the schoolmistress about the darning, who is waiting in the lobby," shouted Hugh, peremptorily, greatly enjoying his contradictory messages.

When May at last returned, she found Charlie lying on the ground whistling a hornpipe, while his nephews and niece tumbled over him as lawful prize.

"It's exceedingly hard that I never get any dancing at home," said he, dolefully, as she came in.

"Another grievance," observed May, smiling.

"Well, it is a shame; everybody else has balls at home excepting us; it's a great deal too bad. Now don't you laugh, May; you'd like a dance as well as anybody."

"Yes," answered she, "it would be very pleasant, but I don't believe mamma would stand the fuss, and then there are no girls about here. There never was such a bad neighbourhood as ours;" and she ran over on her fingers, "Tracy's, no children at all; Evans', two boys; Johnson's, one aged eight; Aslett's, two married."

"My dear May, what are you talking about? no girls!" and in the interest of the question he rose bolt upright, scattering the babies like chaff, the youngest of whom began to howl. "No girls!" he went on excitedly, without attending to the wounded in the action, while May took the sufferer on her knee, and began to soothe the injured elbow and feelings. "Why there are six of the Hounsblows at the very least."

"They're ten miles off, and we don't visit them."

"They won't mind that, they'll come fast enough. Cissy, come to me again," he said, holding out his arms to that young lady; "the elbow is quite well now, isn't it?" and the ungrateful baby forsook the steady friendship of her aunt, and went over to Charlie's uncertain mercies, unmindful of his crimes, and remembering only delightful tosses in the air.

"Incipient good taste, — likes gentlemen best already," observed he as he took her up.

"Stronger arms, that's all," said May, smiling.

"But I'm not going to be driven off the scent in that way. There are heaps of girls; Cissy, give me your fat pud," and he began to count up his list on the little fingers, which Cissy solemnly considered as a new and interesting game. "Six Hounslows; two Barlows —"

"If you call them girls, they're forty at least," said she, rather disdainfully.

"Girls or not girls, they were dancing merrily at Winmouth in June, for I saw them. The Longmores —"

"The Longmores don't think it right to go to balls, you know."

"My dear May, how innocent you are! Don't you know there are balls and balls? They don't think it right to dance at Mrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinsons', but they do at Lady St. Maur's. I know a man who met them there. A countess is different from a Brown, my dear young sister."

"But papa is not a count," laughed May.

"No, but he's king at Fernyhurst, which is nearly as good. Don't call it a ball, but a children's party, or a dancing tea, or a garden supper," ("In December," suggested May), "and you'll see if they don't come, and dance all the evening too; 'old friendship,' you know, 'don't like to distress,' you understand. Besides, a children's party will be earlier, and that'd suit my mother, and it's much better fun too, people are much jollier. And as to the trouble, Tom and I can turn up the carpet in the dining-room, and you can play, and we'll have the two girls from the dockyard, and Lionel will bring Amy and Clara, and Tom's good for a half a dozen of his men, I'm sure, and I can get any number of mids."

"Oh, I'm not afraid about you boys," said May irreverently, "there'll be plenty of you."

"I'll run down directly and manage my mother, and you must persuade papa. We

must have it before my leave's up — say Thursday week."

Mrs. Dimsdale was sick, and she was indolent, while it would have required the strength of a horse and the courage of a lion to withstand Charlie. The Squire made a wry face, but ended by giving in with a better grace than his wife.

"But there must be some music, Charlie; I won't have May fastened to the piano all night. If there's to be dancing," he said, with a deep sigh, "she shall dance too."

Everybody seemed to accept. Mr. Drayton declared, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, that he feared a sacrifice was in prospect, as his sister and his niece had announced a visit to him in the course of the next week, when their "duty," he said, would compel them probably . . .

May was terror-stricken at the quantity of notes which Charlie compelled her to write, for everybody under a hundred voted themselves children on the occasion. Parties at Fernyhurst had become rare of late, and were the more valuable.

A large instalment of cousins arrived to help before the great fray began, Lionel and his sisters came early, and two little daughters of the unlucky Admiral Raby, the object of Charlie's objurgations, who was the husband of Mr. Dimsdale's sister.

Mrs. Raby was a very gentle, affectionate woman, who had followed her husband lovingly about to most of his stations, and the names of their children were a perfect lesson in geography — Lawrence and Christopher; Lusitania, ignominiously shortened into Lucy; Melita into Milly — according as the captain or the admiral's ship had been at Halifax or the West Indies, Lisbon or the Mediterranean. She was a good deal like a hen with a couple of ducklings, for her two extremely pretty little girls, spoilt by their father to the utmost, did very nearly as they pleased without much reference to the maternal clucking. Lucy was still a child; but Milly was as promising a little flirt of her years as could be found within the four seas, and her presence did not at all tend to assist May in her efforts to keep matters as quiet as possible.

The whole house was in confusion, in spite of all she could do; her mother was cross, her father was put out, but there was no withstanding the whirlpool; everybody wanted some new thing, and it was rather dreary work to her, vainly trying to resist the impossible, to stave off the flood, with the sort of anxious conscientiousness which makes a girl take to heart all her little duties as matters of life and death.

"Surely it's a pity to give all the trouble

of wreaths in the dining-room, Tom," said she, as she saw a whole shrubbery of green boughs being dragged into the house; "nobody'll dance a bit the better, and it vexes papa to have the walls pulled about, and the Vandyke moved."

"The carpenter's to hang them; and if his beloved John Deeds does it, he'll not mind; besides, he's afraid of the dust of the dancing for the Vandyke, and he gave me leave, so don't you torment about it," cried Tom loudly. "Clara and Milly are going to help me, and Charlie's got Amy and Lucy for the other half. I'm so sorry Walter Scrope wasn't able to come," he went on, dolefully.

"And I'm sure I'm very glad," cried Milly, contemptuously, from the top of the rival ladder; "I can't think what you can find in that great, awkward, ugly man, who looks as if he never knew whether one was in the room or not."

"Heigh ho! *hinc illæ lacrymæ!* he might be as ugly and as awkward as he pleased, if only he'd bow down before our sovereign lady, Queen Coquetta!"

"I ain't Queen Coquetta. You're very ill-natured, Tom," replied Milly, between laughing and crying, and not quite sure whether it was not a compliment after all.

"Bring me some more pink calico, that's a good girl, May," cried Charlie.

"More silver paper, May, and white tape."

"There's none left," answered she.

"Then send a man and horse to fetch some more. I'm sure papa won't mind," shouted Tom from somewhere near the ceiling.

"It's quite too late, dear, and everybody's busy."

Still, every time she looked in, there was a fresh relay of requests.

"It's long past six," said she at last, "and people are to be here at seven."

"Oh, do you fasten up these roses, May, that's a darling. I *must* go and dress; there's only just time to do my hair!" cried Milly, fluttering down anxiously from her lofty perch.

"Halloo! there are the mids!" called Charlie, as a loud ring was heard, and three little sailors came into the room. "You'll finish this bit round the mantelpiece, May, that's a duck. I must take them up-stairs directly." And he carried them off in a whirlwind almost before they had time to make their devoirs.

"Let me stay and help you May," cried Amy, affectionately.

"No, dear, we can't dress all together.

It'll really help most if you will go directly," she answered, with rather a sigh.

"How tired you will be, May, before we even begin!" said Lionel, coming in as his sister went out, still in his shooting-coat. He had been sitting in the study with his uncle, the only quiet place left in the house. He looked compassionately into her weary face as he helped her off the chair on which she was standing to complete the last of Charlie's mottoes. "You ought to have a cup of tea, or something, and to go and lie down. Let me fetch you one. It's too bad of the boys to drive you so; you won't enjoy the dancing a bit."

It was a comfort to get a word of sympathy in the turmoil, and May smiled gratefully, though there was no time to accept the offer. As she came down-stairs again ready equipped she met old Nursey, who had been busy helping in the regions below, and was now coming up to inspect her beloved child "in her grandeurs." She clung to the privilege of calling her still, like a child, by her name.

"Well, you do look just nice, my dear May! I will say that for you—there ain't one of 'um, I'll be bound, as'll look half so pretty as my child!" said the old woman proudly, as, with her candle in her hand, she walked round her on the landing, and examined her critically from top to toe. "Let me set your sash straight, dearie."

As she spoke, Lionel, who had just finished dressing, came suddenly out of his own door. May was standing at the top of the dark oak staircase, backed by the dim passage, with its carved cabinets and blue japan china. The light of a hanging lamp shone down upon the red camellia in her brown hair and the long eyelashes, which threw a shadow on her cheek, like the ripe side of a peach. She blushed and turned away as he said, smiling, "Let me look too, Nursey."

"Stay, Miss May, there's a pin loose," said the old woman, holding her by the gown.

"I like all that cloudy haze of white drapery; it's like a mist. What is it called? They didn't have such in the Kaffir wigwams, you know; so I'm improving my mind," he said with a laugh as they turned down-stairs together.

"What, have they begun already?" cried she, as the sound of the piano in the dining-room reached their ears.

"Only a preliminary canter, I suppose, before any one comes," replied Lionel.

All the young ones in the house had collected, and the fun was growing fast and

furious; much more so, indeed, than it would be later in the evening.

"May, come here!" cried Charlie. "Milly can't make out the steps of the 'Tempête.'"

"And Amy's forgotten the last half of the tune," followed up Tom.

"I'll find the music; but, Tom, we must go in and help in the drawing-room. There's another ring! And papa and mamma will be quite vexed if we all keep away like this, and don't do any duty. Do come."

But nobody paid the least attention, or indeed heard her; there was a furious galop going on, and the noise drowned everything else.

"I'll come in and welcome, if that would be any use," said Lionel, following her into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Dimsdale, in rather lugubrious state, sat, looking much bored and rather repellant, and the Squire standing by the fire, shy and reserved, were receiving their guests with very unfestive solemnity. Two or three of those miserable early comers, who always arrive everywhere too soon, were there, like the first drops of a thunder shower; an awkward young curate, who had ridden ten miles; and a fat old woman, with a scraggy niece, who had chartered a fly, and wanted to be home early. Mrs. Dimsdale called up Lionel to her side, however, and her rigid brows relaxed; and when May came near her father a smile passed over his face, even in the midst of his troubles. It was extremely tiresome and slow for some time, but at length the folk arrived, the move was made, and business began in earnest.

May was a little too anxious about everything to enjoy herself thoroughly, for the brunt of the entertaining fell upon her. Her mother retreated early into the empty drawing-room—"out of the noise," she said—with a disengaged matron or two; Mr. Dimsdale, although he did his best to be kind to his guests, disappeared several times in the course of the evening; Charlie and Tom were far too intent on amusing themselves with the prettiest girls and the best dancers to be of any use; and, if it had not been for Lionel, she would hardly have known how to get through. He danced, at her request, with the plain young ladies, who ought not to be neglected, was civil to the old ones, who wanted to carry off their broods too soon, and his handsome, soldier look and manner made him very popular, while his unselfish courtesy to everybody was a godsend to poor May.

"You are keeping that dance before sup-

per for me, May," he said, coming back to her side, looking rather weary as he deposited the "young lady of forty," who was an insatiable waltzer, by her chaperon, considerably younger than herself.

"Oh, Lionel, how good you are! We never should have managed without you I'm sure. Charlie is too bad, he doesn't help a bit—he hasn't danced one duty dance all night."

"I was aide-de-camp to General Benyon for three months when poor Amyot died, you know," he answered, with a smile, "so I'm up to the work. Never mind Charlie; let him enjoy himself."

It was the third time she had danced with him; for while he was doing both her brothers' duty, she could hardly refuse anything he asked of her.

"Charlie, you really ought to dance with Sophia Longmore. You've neither of you been near her the whole evening; it's quite rude; and she's Mr. Drayton's niece after all."

"Here's metal more attractive," said Charlie, with a profound bow to Milly of the Dockyard, quoting not from Hamlet, however, but a burlesque; "Sophia is such a prig, and so affected. Make Tom do it."

"But I have asked him, and he won't go."

"Well, I can't help it. I'm engaged ten deep. Tell her I'll come after that. I believe that I am to have the honour of dancing this dance with you?" he said, taking hold of his exceedingly pretty little cousin.

Milly was in great spirits, but, having reached the mature age of fifteen, was torn in sunder by the desire of being grand and womanly and wearing long gowns, and the temptation to be mad and merry with the child privileges of short ones.

"How funny it is to see Charlie here!" said she to May, coming up out of breath after "such a jolly galop." "But you can't waltz a bit, and you know I like Tom best to dance with," she added, with a sidelong glance over her shoulder away from her partner.

"Because he's the tallest man in the room," retorted Charlie, "and you're the shortest girl, by a long chalk."

"You shouldn't be so rude to a lady!" replied Milly with dignity. "You've no notion how proper he is at the Dockyard dinners, May; he says nothing but, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to papa, hardly, and very quietly too."

It was quite true; the Admiral kept his officers, if not his daughters, in excellent

order, and held Master Charlie at arm's length whenever he appeared in the house.

"Lionel," she called out as she prepared to whisk off again, but throwing out another grappler for future operations, "you haven't danced with me yet, remember."

"I'm not so tall as Tom," replied Lionel, smiling lazily, "and I'm too old and stiff for such a particular little dainty lady."

"I'm not particular, and I'm not dainty," pouted Milly.

"Then I am," replied he, with hard-hearted composure.

"The dancing was much more graceful in my day, and the girls were prettier," said Mrs. Dimsdale to an old lady, at whose request she had come to look once more into the dining-room. She looked very stately in her silver grey, and a profusion of black lace, as she stood in the doorway. "I call the dancing nowadays great romping."

"I'm sure Miss May doesn't romp or flirt either," said the lady, watching May's rather anxious face as she moved about the room, having just danced with the curate, and standing up now again with Charlie's youngest mid.

"No," answered her mother rather absently; "but she can't dance like Cecilia, and her father doesn't like her to waltz. Lucy, why don't you go to bed? I never allowed my children to sit up in this way; but the Admiral spoils those two girls so dreadfully." She was growing very tired and rather cross.

"It's curious how plaintive that waltz music is. I can't think why," said Mr. Drayton, who was looking benignantly on the dancers once more before he went away, after doing his best to console the Squire under his afflictions. "Don't look so careworn, my Mayflower; it's part of your duty, remember, to enjoy yourself," was his parting greeting.

At this moment Mrs. Longmore came ambling up to her hostess. "Ah, dear Mrs. Dimsdale, I am afraid all this noise and bustle is *very* trying to you! but we must all make sacrifices for our children! I myself not exactly the scene dear girl. As the dear Bishop once said . . ." It was more convenient to generalize her sentences and veil her hints, and the end was lost as she moved forwards.

"May," whispered Charlie, who was within earshot, "didn't I tell you? 'Sacrifice,' 'dear girl,' it's all there! only we had the dear Bishop instead of the Canon, in honour of the greatness of the occasion!"

"Miss Dimsdale," interrupted the little mid, who always came to her at the end of every dance for a fresh partner, "I've asked all those ladies you introduced me to a second time, and they're all engaged, they say; I want a new one. Oh! not those children!" he said with disgust as she was taking him up to some pretty little girls.

Altogether, it was rather hard work, and she was glad when the evening was at length at an end. At night, when she thought the whole over, she was sorry for the three dances with Lionel. Having been very much troubled at what she called her "misfortunes" with Walter, she wished to be most particularly on her guard. "However, I'm sure he couldn't mistake anyhow," she comforted herself. "I treat him just like Tom and Charlie."

Breakfast next morning in the bright sunny south room was late for those who had not gone off by early trains and coaches; and the discussions on past glorious deeds lively and long.

"What a shame it was of you, Charlie! You waltzed half the night with Isabel Forster!"

"Because she waltzed better than any one else in the room," said he undauntedly.

"Didn't you admire Miss Trower's wig, with a rose stitched into the side, and its splendid coronet of false hair?" laughed Milly. "Such fun!"

"Wasn't she a stunner!" burst out the little mid, only half hearing, with tremendous earnestness, and amidst a shout of laughter. He had very much admired her as the biggest woman there.

"Milly was the prettiest creature in the room by far," whispered May at her end of the table, not meaning to be heard; but Milly's ears were as quick as her eyes in such matters, and her little person smiled all over.

"It was the jolliest dance I have had for some time," said Charlie, rubbing his hands. He found that he was much more considered as his father's son in his father's house than as an accidental mid at a dockyard ball, and enjoyed his consequence accordingly.

"I think I like better dancing at other people's balls," said May.

"You're so abominably conscientious. Why can't you let the ugly old maids take care of themselves?"

"Perhaps if you were one, you mightn't think so; you'd be glad to see May come up to you. I'm sure I should," observed his father, looking down the long table at her. "May, will you remember to look

after me when I am an ugly old maid, please, and not after Charlie?"

"No, papa: that's not fair. I wasn't depreciating May's attentions a bit. I thought them only too good for Miss Trower. But we must really be off, Brand," said he, turning to the mids. "I say, Lionel, do you really mean that you'll lend me that pistol?"

And they all left the room except May, who remained behind to give her father another cup of tea.

"To be sure, it is a queer pleasure," said he. "I went out at the garden door last night to see that all was going on right outside, and I looked in at the dining-room window, where I couldn't hear, and stopped my ears to the music, and to see you all bobbing about like a parcel of mad grasshoppers, without rhyme or reason, was more absurd than you can fancy," said the Squire, cynically.

"Yes, papa, dear," said May, coming behind him with his cup of tea, and kissing the top of his bald head. "But you know you used to like dancing too when you were a grasshopper yourself."

"More fool I," answered he.

"No, pappy: there's a time to dance and a time to be still, and he's a nicer papa than he would have been if he had not gone through each in its season," said she, affectionately.

"And then it's such trouble to the servants! There have been three breakfasts, at least, this very morning, for the early starts, before this one, and all the horses and grooms for ten miles round eating their heads off last night in the stable-yard."

"Yes, papa; but it's only for once. I believe the servants like it for once, and Charlie isn't often at home, and so many people enjoyed it. It was a very kind thing to do for them all, and everybody felt it to be so. It wasn't to please yourself—everybody knew that; and you gave such a quantity of pleasure;" and she put her two arms round his neck, and her father's features relaxed, if he did not absolutely smile.

It was harder work to soothe her mother, who had been bored and neglected, she declared, all the evening, and wearied with the noise and the lights.

"And I didn't know half the people in the room! I'm sure everybody must have brought all their cousins—it was too bad! and people whom I've avoided visiting all these years, that Charlie has brought down upon us in this way, and I must begin seeing now!"

"Dear mother, I'm sure you needn't call

on any of them. Everbody understood that the party was for your children's pleasure, not yours."

But Mrs. Dimsdale refused to be comforted; she was always rather more querulous than usual when "poor Charlie" went away. In spite of his crimes, he was her favourite son, and she expended an immense amount of very unnecessary pity on that most prosperous young gentleman.

"And there's Charlie. I'm sure I don't know when I shall see him again," she was beginning, almost in tears, when Lionel came to the rescue. His aunt was exceedingly fond of him; she was by no means insensible to the *caprice des yeux*; she had been a beauty herself, and valued the quality in others. The plainness of her sons was a trial to her, and she fell back on her nephew. And as he assisted her progress into the drawing-room, looked after her paraphernalia of bags and baskets, fetched and carried for her, he smoothed down the old lady into good humour again, and greatly facilitated May's task during that somewhat dreary time—the day after a ball; when all the litter and damage are full in view, and the pleasure is over, and the excitement has run down like a clock.

They sat in the drawing-room that evening trying to keep awake; while Milly sang the most desperately sentimental songs in her rather sensational repertory.

"Why don't you practise that accompaniment, Milly? That song would be very pretty, if you could play it better," said her aunt, half asleep.

"Some people think it very pretty as it is," whispered she, audaciously.

"I don't like all that sugar and water, Milly," said Lionel, at last. "I wish you'd sing something wholesome and settling, instead of all that rubbish about endearing young charms, and 'cherish wreaths for ever,' and the rest of it."

"You'd like this better, I suppose," replied Milly disdainfully, beginning a nigger melody.

Lionel never would flirt with her, and she therefore unconsciously, in her half-childish desire for empire, like larger coquettes, bestowed a greater share of attention on him than upon anybody else in the house.

"There's a capital chorus to that; let's have it," cried Tom, joining in with the sort of roar which he considered singing.

"What was that pretty German song, May, you were playing the other day?" put in Lionel. "There was a chorus to that, too."

Milly, rather ostentatiously, made way for her cousin.

"No, dear; you'll play it much better than I can," replied May, pressing her down again on the music stool.

"What are you all about, you children? Are you going to sing all night? Go to bed. Do you know what o'clock it is?" said the Squire, waking suddenly out of a doze.

"Oh, papa, let us have one more song."

"Only one more, Uncle Dimsdale," sounded on all sides.

"And it shall be such a respectable and proper one for Lionel!" said Milly, looking up into his face, as she began "For Auld Lang Syne;" "and it shall have a chorus for Tom," she went on, with a glance at the other side.

The old rich melody rang through the large room with a certain pathos in the contrast of its words with the fresh young voices which were singing it, and the Squire paused

on his way to the door, turned, and stood listening until the end. There is a sort of complex feeling in all emotions late in life; they do not stand alone in the experience of the man, with whom a whole chord of associations and recollections is often awakened by a single tone. Young things always believe that what they are doing and thinking is quite new and peculiar to themselves. There is no background to their lives or their thoughts, which is probably the reason of the general absence of sympathy amongst them with all sorrow and trouble not exactly like their own.

Still, real sympathy, either in the old or the young, is among the rarest of qualities. What is usually given as such is merely a reflected compassion of our own selves or our own sorrows in the person of another.

FOSSIL BIRDS AND REPTILES OF AMERICA. — PROF. O. C. MARSH, of Yale College, Connecticut, contributed to the March No. of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, a notice of some fossil birds from the cretaceous and tertiary formations of the United States. Since the threetoothed footprints in the Connecticut river sandstone have been shewn to be those of Dinosaurian reptiles, no species of birds has been included in the fossil fauna of America. Prof. Marsh is now able to describe five species of birds from the cretaceous beds (chiefly the greensand) of New Jersey; and a few remains also from the tertiary beds of the United States, the latter not differing generically from existing birds of the puffin, guillemot, and crane tribes. The Saurian remains, also from the cretaceous strata, belong to the Mosasauroids, a group comparatively rare in the Old World and affording a striking contrast to the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, the prevalent forms in Europe. The same geologist also describes a new and gigantic fossil serpent, the *Dinophis grandis*, from the tertiary greensand of New Jersey, the largest specimen of any known class of fossil Ophidians, and not surpassed by the largest of modern serpents.

hitherto come to light in the drift of Abbeville and Amiens, in the valley of the Somme, or in the loess of the Rhine. It was found in a shaft 150 feet deep, 2 miles from Angelos, in Calaveras Co., California, and is now in the possession of the State Geological Survey. The shaft passes through five beds of lava and volcanic tufa, and four deposits of auriferous gravel. The upper bed of tufa was homogeneous, and without any crack through which a skull could have been introduced from above. The date of these gravels is referred to the Pliocene, i.e. the age before the volcanic eruptions took place which cover a great part of the state, an age preceding the mastodon, the elephant, and other pachyderms. Since the appearance of man, therefore, in that region, the physical features have undergone mighty changes. The volcanic peaks of the Sierra have been lifted up, the glaciers have descended into the valleys, freighted with gravels, and the great cañons themselves have been excavated in the solid rock.

REMAINS OF MAN IN CALIFORNIA. — In the *Transactions of the Chicago Academy of Sciences*, vol. i., p. 2, Dr. J. W. Foster claims for the human skull discovered last season in the gold-drift of California, a greater antiquity than that of any of the human remains which have

Good government, like most other things, can be bought; but it is very seldom that the governed people have been willing to pay the actual money value for good government. They are parsimonious in the only outlay which can secure a judicious national parsimony. If there ever was anything to which the common proverb "Penny-wise and pound foolish" may be applied, it is in the small savings gained by inadequate payment for services rendered to the State.

Arthur Helps.

From the Cornhill Magazine.
THE SUN'S CORONA.

ONE after another the mysterious problems presented by the sun to man's contemplation have been solved by astronomers. We have learned what are the substances which compose his giant bulk. We know much respecting the condition in which those substances exist. The strange red prominences which are seen round the black disc of the moon in total eclipse, "like garnets round a brooch of jet," have not only been interpreted, but our astronomers, calling in to their aid the subtle powers of the most wonderful instrument of research yet devised by man, have been enabled to discern these objects when the sun is shining with full splendour in the heavens—nay, even to measure their motion, and to gauge the pressure exerted by the gases which compose their substance. But one great problem yet remains unsolved. When the sun's orb is hidden in total eclipse there bursts suddenly into view a crown or glory of light, resembling the *nimbus* which painters place around the heads of saints. Sometimes presenting the appearance of a uniform circular halo, at others radiated and even irregular in aspect, this striking phenomenon had long attracted the attention and invited the curiosity of astronomers. But recently, owing to the nature of the information obtained respecting the sun's substance and the coloured flames which play over his surface, the corona has been regarded with a new and much greater interest. There is, perhaps, at this moment, no problem in astronomy which attracts so much attention, or whose solution would be hailed more eagerly. It is not concealed, that though the expedition which is to set forth to view the eclipse of next December will be provided with the means of renewing, and probably improving upon, the researches made into the other phenomena of total eclipses, yet its main object is to determine, if possible, what is the nature of the corona. If no new information shall have been obtained, during the coming eclipse, respecting this singular solar appendage, it will be admitted by astronomers that the primary object of the expedition has remained unachieved.

It may interest our readers, therefore, to have some account of the observations which have been already made upon the corona, and to consider, though but briefly, the chief theories which have been put forward in explanation of the phenomenon.

The corona was known to astronomers long before those coloured prominences

which have recently received so much attention. It has even been supposed that Philostratus refers to the appearance of this object where he remarks, in his *Life of Appollonius*, that "there appeared in the heavens"—shortly before the death of Domitian—"a prodigy of the following nature—a certain *corona*, resembling the iris, surrounded the orb of the sun and obscured his light." One might conceive that there was no reference here to a total eclipse of the sun; but Philostratus remarks farther on, that the darkness was like that of night, a circumstance which leaves little doubt that a solar eclipse had taken place.

It is, in fact, worthy of remark, that the light of the corona often misled the observers of total eclipses to suppose that, in reality, a portion of the sun had remained uncovered. Kepler was at the pains to write a treatise to prove that certain eclipses, supposed to be only annular, had, in reality, been total. A year after he had published this treatise, he himself had an opportunity of witnessing the total eclipse at Naples in 1605, respecting which he remarks, that "the whole body of the sun was completely covered for a short time, but around it there shone a brilliant light of a reddish hue and uniform breadth, which occupied a considerable part of the heavens."

From this time scarcely a single total eclipse has occurred, during which the aspect and dimensions of the corona have not been noted. It would be easy to fill a volume with the various observations which indicate the most important peculiarities of the corona, and especially those which may help us to ascertain the real nature of the object.

One of the earliest accounts of this nature is that given by Dr. Wyberd of the total eclipse of March 29, 1652. "When the sun was reduced to a narrow crescent of light," he remarks, "the moon all at once threw herself within the margin of the solar disc"—(a peculiarity which has been observed under favourable circumstances by others, and is, of course, only apparent)—"with such agility, that she seemed to revolve like an upper millstone, affording a pleasant spectacle of rotary motion. In reality, however, the sun was totally eclipsed, and the appearance was due to a corona of light round the moon, arising from some unknown cause. It had a uniform breadth of half a digit or a third of a digit at least; it emitted a bright and radiating light, and appeared concentric with the sun and moon" when the centres of the two discs were at their nearest.

It will presently be seen that the extent of the corona on this occasion was far less than during many modern eclipses; in fact, Dr. Wyberd's account would seem to indicate that he only noticed the brighter part of the corona which lies close by the black disc of the moon. Otherwise the extent of the corona on this occasion was exceptionally small. Strangely enough, the next account we have to refer to assigns to the corona an exceptionally large extension from the sun.

During the eclipse of May 12, 1706, MM. Plantade and Capiés saw a very bright ring of white light surrounding the eclipsed sun, and extending to a distance equal to about a tenth of the moon's apparent diameter. This was, in all probability, that brighter portion of the corona which Dr. Wyberd saw. Outside this brilliant ring of light a fainter light was seen, which faded off insensibly until—at a distance from the sun equal to about eight times his apparent diameter—the light was lost in the obscure background of the sky.

This observation serves very well to indicate the interest and importance attaching to the solution of the problem presented by the corona. We shall see presently that a question exists whether the corona is, on the one hand, a solar appendage, or, on the other, a phenomenon due merely to the passage of the sun's rays through our atmosphere. The observation just described, would in the one case indicate that the object has a real extension enormously exceeding that of any known celestial object—save perhaps the tails of certain comets—while in the other case, the corona would have no more scientific importance than those long radial beams formed by the light of the sun shining through a bank of clouds. Enormous as is the bulk of the sun—so enormous that the earth on which we live sinks into utter nothingness by comparison—the actual extent of space filled by the coronal light on the former supposition, could exceed the volume of the sun more than two thousand times!

It is not without some little shame that astronomers refer to the great total eclipse of 1715. Although this eclipse was visible in England, and though it occurred in the time of so great an astronomer as Halley, no adequate preparations were made for observing it. Coates, indeed—a practical astronomer, whose observations would have had a high value—was “oppressed with too much company,” Halley tells us, to pay special attention to the eclipse. Halley himself made a few common-place notes on the phenomena presented by the totally

eclipsed sun, but we learn nothing new from them respecting the corona.

Nor were the French astronomers more energetic in 1724. But one observation made by Maraldi is worth noticing. He perceived that at the beginning of the eclipse the corona was clearly broader on the side towards which the moon was advancing than on the opposite side, while at the end of the eclipse the reverse was the case. This would seem to show that the corona is a solar appendage, since the moon thus seemed to traverse the corona precisely as she traversed the sun.

The observation made by Maraldi was confirmed by several who observed the total eclipse of 1733 in Sweden. A special interest attaches to this eclipse, because instead of being observed only by astronomers, it was watched by a large number of persons invited to the work by the Royal Society of Sweden. As many of those who propose to join the expedition to view the eclipse of next December have decided to direct their attention to the general aspect of the corona, it is interesting to inquire how far such observations are likely to add to our knowledge. In this respect the Swedish narrative is most encouraging. At Catherinesholm, the pastor of Forshem noticed that the ring of light which appeared round the black disc of the moon was of a reddish colour, an observation confirmed by Vallerius, another pastor, who noticed, however, that at a considerable distance from the sun the ring appeared of a greenish hue. The pastor of Smoland states that “during the total obscuration the edge of the moon's disc resembled gilded brass, and that the faint ring around it emitted rays in an upward as well as in a downward direction, similar to those seen beneath the sun when a shower of rain is impending.” The mathematical lecturer in the Academy of Charlestadt, M. Edstrom, observed these rays with special attention, and remarks respecting them that “they plainly maintained the same position until they vanished along with the ring upon the reappearance of the sun.” On the other hand, the ring as seen at Lincopia seemed to have no rays.

It is important to inquire whether this difference in the aspect of the corona, as seen at different stations, is due to the condition of the air, the eyesight of the observer, or other such causes. For clearly, if the observer at Lincopia saw an object really different from that seen by Edstrom, it would follow that the corona is a phenomenon of our own atmosphere and not a solar appendage. On other occasions a like difference has been recorded in the aspect

of the corona as seen at different stations; but we do not remember any observations which seem calculated to resolve the question just suggested, until the great total eclipse observed last year in America. It is easy to see that, whatever theory of the corona we adopt, the condition of the atmosphere might be expected to affect the aspect of the ring. For obviously this would happen if the coronal light is merely due to the illumination of our atmosphere; while, if the light comes from beyond our atmosphere, it would still be brighter or fainter according as the air was more or less clear. The only convincing form of evidence would be such as showed that some peculiarity of figure, noticed when the ring was seen under unfavourable atmospheric conditions, remained recognizable notwithstanding a great increase in the apparent extent of the ring, when seen at some distant station, under more favourable circumstances.

Now during the great eclipse of last year, very remarkable evidence was given, fulfilling these very conditions.

In the first place, all the astronomers who observed the eclipse along the whole path of the shadow, from where it first fell upon America far in the North-west to the point where it left the American continent and fell upon the Atlantic, noticed the singularly quadrilateral aspect of the corona. This was not only observed with the naked eye, but by telescopists; and in one instance photography recorded the peculiarity most satisfactorily. But this four-cornered aspect belonged only to a portion of the coronal light lying relatively close to the sun. The most distant corner of the four lay at a distance from the moon's disc scarcely exceeding half the moon's apparent diameter. Outside the cornered figure lay a faint glare of light which seemed to most observers to merge uniformly and gradually into the dark tints of the sky far away from the eclipsed sun.

But there was one party of observers who were stationed above those lower and denser regions of the atmosphere which are most effective in obstructing the passage of light, and especially of light so faint as that which comes from the outer parts of the corona. General Myer, Colonel Winthrop, and others ascended to the summit of White Top Mountain, near Abingdon in Virginia, and thence, at a height of some 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, and immersed so much more deeply in the shadow of the moon than the observers at lower levels, they had an opportunity of witnessing the imposing phenomena presented during a total eclipse of

the sun. The account they give of the corona becomes, under these circumstances most instructive. "To the unaided eye," says General Myer, "the eclipse presented, during the total obscuration, a vision magnificent beyond description. As a centre stood the full and intensely black disc of the moon, surrounded by an aureola of soft bright light, through which shot out, as if from the circumference of the moon, straight massive silvery rays, seeming distinct and separate from each other, to a distance of two or three diameters of the lunar disc; the whole spectacle showing as upon a background of diffused rose-coloured light . . . The silvery rays were longest and most prominent at four points of the circumference — two upon the upper, and two upon the lower portion, apparently equidistant from each other . . . giving the spectacle a quadrilateral form. The angles of the quadrangle were about opposite the north-eastern, north-western, south-eastern, and south-western points of the disc" (an arrangement corresponding precisely with the observations made at lower levels). "There was no motion of the rays — they seemed concentric."

Nothing, as it should seem, could be more convincing than the evidence given by this observation. The radial extensions which, to the observer near the sea-level, reached only to a distance from the moon's edge equalling about half the moon's diameter, were recognized at the higher station as rays four times as long. The influence of the atmosphere in blotting out, so to speak, the fainter portions of the corona is thus made manifest, — and so far the evidence strongly favours (to say the least) the supposition that the corona is something lying much farther from us than the limits of the earth's atmosphere.

Let us return, however, to the records of earlier eclipses. Strangely enough the next we have to deal with corresponds very closely with the American eclipse of last year as respects the appearance presented by the corona. "The most remarkable feature exhibited by the corona," remarks Professor Grant, speaking of the eclipse of February 1766, "consisted of four luminous expansions, separated from each other by equal intervals."

The Spanish admiral, Don Antonio d'Alloa, gives an interesting account of the appearance presented by the corona during the total eclipse of 1778. He states that "five or six seconds after the commencement of the total obscuration, a brilliant luminous circle was seen surrounding the moon, which became more vivid as the cen-

tre of that body continued to approach the centre of the sun. About the middle of the eclipse, its breadth was equal to one-sixth of the moon's diameter. There appeared issuing from it a great number of rays of unequal length, which could be discerned to a distance equal to a lunar diameter. It seemed to be indued with a rapid rotatory motion, which caused it to resemble a fire-work turning round its centre. The colour of the light was not uniform throughout the whole breadth of the ring. Towards the margin of the lunar disc it appeared of a reddish hue; then it changed to a pale yellow, and from the middle to the outer border the yellow gradually became fainter until at length it seemed almost quite white."

Passing over several intermediate eclipses, we come to the great eclipse of 1842, remarkable on account of the number of eminent astronomers of all nations who took part in observing it.

The most noteworthy feature in the records of this eclipse, is the very wide range of difference in the estimates of the extent attained by the coronal ring. M. Petit, at Montpellier, estimated the width of the corona at barely one-fourth of the moon's diameter. Francis Baily—it was during this eclipse, by the way, that the phenomenon known as "Baily's Beads" was first observed with attention—considered that the corona was about twice as wide. To Otto Struve, the eminent Prussian observer, the corona seemed yet wider, falling little short of the moon's apparent diameter in extent.

It is interesting to notice these discrepancies between the observations of modern astronomers of repute for accuracy and observing skill. It shows that the differences recorded in the aspect of the corona are not due to such errors as unpractised observers might be expected to make. We shall presently see the importance of thus separating truthful from untrustworthy observations.

Arago made a similar observation during the progress of this eclipse. He remarked in one of the brighter portions of the corona, "a luminous spot composed of jets entwined in each other, and resembling in appearance a bank of threads in disorder." It is difficult to understand what this may have been. It would almost seem to give evidence in favour of a view recently put forward, that the light of the corona comes from innumerable streams of meteors in the neighbourhood of the sun.

Some of the rays of the corona during this eclipse were estimated by the younger

Struve as nearly eight times the moon's apparent diameter in length, the first instance, be it noted, in which a modern observation has confirmed the account given by MM. Plantade and Capiés in 1706.

In 1851 the Astronomer Royal had a second opportunity of observing the solar corona. It affords interesting evidence of the variability in the appearance of this object according to the circumstances under which it is observed, that Mr. Airy recognized a distinct difference not merely in the extent but in the figure of the corona on this occasion. He says, "The corona was far broader than that which I saw in 1842. Roughly speaking, its breadth was little less than the moon's diameter, but its outline was very irregular. I did not notice any beams projecting from it which deserved notice as much more conspicuous than the others, but the whole was beamy, radiated in structure, and terminated—though very indefinitely—in a way which reminded me of the ornament frequently placed round a mariner's compass. Its colour was white, or resembling that of Venus. I saw no flickering or unsteadiness of light. It was not separated from the moon by any dark ring, nor had it any annular structure. It looked like a radiated luminous cloud behind the moon."

In 1860 the Astronomer Royal again witnessed the phenomena which accompany a total eclipse of the sun; and again, his evidence respecting the corona assigns to it a figure resembling, "with some irregularities, the ornament round a compass-card."

And now we are approaching, or, rather, we have already reached the era when other modes of research than mere telescopic observation were to be applied to this perplexing phenomenon. In 1860, Mr. De la Rue and the Padre Secchi succeeded in photographing the eclipsed sun; and though but a small portion of the corona is discernible in their photographs, yet it is quite evident, on a careful comparison of pictures taken at stations widely separated, that at least the brighter portion of the corona belongs to the sun. Where the coronal radiance is brightest or extends farthest in Mr. De la Rue's pictures, there also in F. Secchi's can be recognized corresponding peculiarities.

Then, after a considerable interval, came the great eclipse of August, 1868, when an effort was made to apply the powers of the spectroscopic to the interpretation of the corona. It is a somewhat singular circumstance, by-the-by, that the results of so important an observation as Major Ten-

nant's spectroscopic study of the corona should be quite commonly misquoted — but so it is. We have before us, as we write, his own statement, in which are the words (italicized), "What I saw was undoubtedly a continuous spectrum, and I saw no lines;" followed by the remark, "there may have been dark lines, of course, but with so faint a spectrum. . . . they might escape notice." Yet in Roscoe's most valuable treatise on spectrum analysis there occur the words, "Major Tennant states that the spectrum of the corona is the ordinary solar spectrum;" and the American astronomers who observed the eclipse of last year repeat the statement, commenting with surprise on the fact that *they* could see no dark lines in the coronal spectrum.

The distinction between what Major Tennant actually saw and what he is supposed to have seen is most important. If the corona gave a spectrum resembling the sun's, it would be reasonable to conclude that the light of the corona was simply reflected sunlight. But if the spectrum of the corona shows no dark lines we can no longer suppose this. A burning solid gives a rainbow-tinted spectrum of this sort, without dark lines; and though it would not be proved it would at least be rendered probable, were this the nature of the coronal spectrum, that the light of the corona comes from actually incandescent substances.

It was hoped that the American astronomers would have obtained decisive results; but a new source of perplexity was introduced by their observations. They satisfied themselves that the coronal spectrum really is continuous, for they observed it under conditions which removed all the doubts referred to by Major Tennant. But superposed upon the faint rainbow-tinted streak they saw bright lines. Professor Harkness saw one line only, but Professor Young saw three.

Now, it is only necessary to know what is the interpretation of a spectral bright line to understand the strange significance of this new observation. A glowing vapour gives a spectrum of bright lines. But surprising as the conclusion would be that the corona consists, either wholly or in part, of glowing vapour, it is when we consider the nature of the vapour indicated by the coronal bright lines that the most startling result of all is suggested. One of the bright lines corresponds in place with a line belonging to the spectrum of the glowing vapour of *iron*. This metal, which requires so intense a heat for its liquefaction, and, therefore, a yet more tremendous heat to

vaporize it, would actually seem (from the evidence) to be present in the form of glowing vapour in the sun's corona. Here are the words of Professor Harkness — who is thoroughly familiar with the laws of spectroscopic analysis — announcing his acceptance of a conclusion as probable, which is so startling that we could not venture to leave it on record without such confirmation, lest haply the reader should regard it as simply arising from a misinterpretation of the evidence: — "I consider the conclusion highly probable, if not actually proved, that the corona is a very rarefied self-luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun, and, perhaps, principally composed of the incandescent vapour of iron." And what renders the conclusion so much the more remarkable is that Professor Harkness has adduced evidence to show that the heat of the summits of the coloured prominences is such as would be sufficient to vaporize iron. The corona would be less heated, one would suppose, than the prominences which lie so much nearer to the sun.

Such are the observations which astronomers and physicists have made upon the corona. We have indicated in passing some of the theories suggested by special observations, but we have now to inquire what are the general results to which this series of researches, regarded as a whole, appears to tend.

The theories which have been put forward by astronomers in explanation of the solar corona are not many in number, and some of them need not occupy us for any length of time, as modern researches have practically disposed of them.

The theory that the corona is due to a lunar atmosphere is associated with the names of the eminent astronomers Kepler and Halley. It is probable that the latter would have been even more confident of its truth than he actually was, had it not been that the opinion of his great friend Newton was opposed to his theory. Such, at least, has been the interpretation placed upon Halley's remark that "the contrary sentiments of one whose judgment he should always revere" caused him to feel doubtful as to Kepler's theory.

We now know quite certainly that the moon has no atmosphere which could account for the appearance of the corona. It is doubtful whether the moon has any atmosphere at all; but most assuredly if she have any it must be very limited in extent. When the moon passes over a star, the disappearance of the star is quite sudden; there is no sign whatever of that gradual diminution of the star's light which would undoubtedly be

recognized if the moon had an atmosphere of appreciable extent.

The French astronomers La Hire and De Lisle put forward two theories, which may also be dismissed as untenable in the presence of recent researches. According to each theory, the appearance of the corona is caused by an action on the sun's rays, that action taking place at the edge of the moon's disc — the difference between the two theories being that La Hire ascribed the action to the inequalities of the moon's surface and their power of reflecting the solar rays, while De Lisle supposed that the sun's rays were diffracted at the moon's edge. We owe to Baden Powell and Sir David Brewster the disproof of De Lisle's theory, De Lisle himself having disposed of La Hire's.

There remain, then, only those two theories to consider, which, at the present time, divide the attention of astronomers. According to one the corona is a true solar appendage, and one of the most remarkable features in the universe; according to the other the corona is simply a terrestrial phenomenon, due to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere. The latter theory is that advanced by M. Faye, and is supported by M. Lockyer, the skilful solar spectroscopist; the former is the opinion entertained by Sir John Herschel and the astronomer Royal, and has recently been advocated somewhat earnestly in papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society. It is hoped that the observations to be made during the eclipse of next December will set the question finally at rest. In the meantime let us briefly consider the arguments adduced for and against the rival theories.

We owe to the researches of Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer one of the most effective arguments against the theory that the corona is a solar atmosphere. It will be obvious that if the corona be such an atmosphere, it will exert a pressure upon the sun's surface corresponding to that pressure which our own atmosphere exerts upon the surface of the earth. But then the pressure exerted by the coronal atmosphere would be incalculably greater. Our own atmosphere we have reason to believe, does not extend much more than 100 miles above the sea-level. Now the corona is visible under favourable circumstances, at a distance from the sun equal to his own diameter — setting aside all considerations of the radial projections. In other words it certainly does not extend less than 850,000 miles from his surface. Regarded as an atmosphere, therefore, the corona is cer-

tainly not less than 8,000 times as deep as our own. On this account alone the pressure it would exert would be enormously greater. For it is to be noted that the pressure exerted by our air would not be merely doubled were the height of the atmosphere doubled, trebled were that height trebled, and so on, but would increase at a much more rapid rate. If a mine were sunk into the earth in order to measure the increase of atmospheric pressure with depth, instead of a depth of 100 miles being required in order to have a double pressure, only 3 1-2 miles would be needed. At the bottom of a mine 7 miles deep the pressure would be four times as great as at the sea-level; 10 1-2 miles deep the pressure would be eight times as great; 14 miles deep the pressure would be sixteen times as great, and so on, like the expense of the miser's grave, "doubling as we descend" for every 3 1-2 miles. It requires no great knowledge of arithmetic to see that the pressure at a depth of 100 miles or so would be millions of times greater than that at the sea-level.* It will be seen, therefore, how inconceivably great the pressure exerted by a solar atmosphere some 8,000 times as deep as ours would necessarily be, let the nature of the gases composing it be what it may.

But this is not all. We have hitherto only compared the height of the supposed solar atmosphere with that of the earth's. We must not forget that the sun's attractive energy so enormously exceeds the earth's that even though his atmosphere were no deeper than ours (and similarly constituted) the pressure exerted on his surface would be enormously increased. If a man could be placed on the solar surface his own weight would crush him as effectually as though while on the earth a weight of a couple of tons were heaped upon him. In precisely the same way the pressure of the solar atmosphere is increased by the enormous force with which the sun drags towards himself every particle composing that atmosphere.

Now it happens that we know quite well that the pressure exerted by the real solar atmosphere even close by the bright surface which forms the visible globe of the sun, is nothing like so great as it would be if the corona formed part of that atmosphere. The bright lines constituting the spectrum of the coloured prominences would be many times thicker than they are if the pressure were so great; for spectroscopists have found, by means of experiments made in

* The actual number representing the proportionate pressure would consist of no less than nine figures, being very nearly two hundred millions.

the laboratory, that with increase of pressure the spectral bright lines of a gas increase in thickness.

Here, then, we have the most conclusive proof possible that the corona is not a solar atmosphere.

But, on the other hand, those who argue that the corona is a solar appendage, ask how it happens, if the phenomenon is due to the illumination of our own atmosphere, that the moon looks black in the very heart of this illumination. If our air were illuminated, its light would extend over the moon also — since the moon lies so far beyond its limits; whereas the moon is as a dark disc on the background of the coronal light. This very word background, obviously applicable to the corona as actually seen, indicates that the source of the coronal light is beyond the moon.

Here, then (to mention no other considerations), we have the most conclusive evidence that the corona is not a phenomenon of our own atmosphere.

But then the corona is clearly *somewhere*

and *something*. If its light comes from beyond the moon, we need not doubt that it comes from the sun's neighbourhood; and again, if the corona is not a solar atmosphere, we can scarcely doubt that it is a solar appendage. It would seem to follow that the corona is due to bodies of some sort travelling around the sun, and by their motion preserved either from falling towards him (in which case the corona would quickly disappear) or from producing any pressure upon his surface, as an atmosphere would.

Whatever the corona may be, it is clear that regarding it as a solar appendage — a conclusion which seems forced upon us by the evidence — it is presented to us as one of the most striking and imposing of all the phenomena of the solar system. It is a fitting crown of glory for that orb which sways the planets by its attraction, warms them by its fires, illuminates them by the splendour of its light, and pours forth on all of them the electric and chemic influences which are as necessary as light and heat for the welfare of their inhabitants.

No man can doubt that government is becoming more and more difficult in the present age. The criticism, therefore, of governmental action becomes more and more important. There is a possibility of its rising to such a pitch as to enervate the action of Government.

A Government is placed in especial difficulty as regards hostile criticism; and for this reason — because it cannot always explain. In questions of art or literature, although the person criticized will not (as I have said above) be wise to reply directly to his critic, yet he has the power of addressing his own little public, and pointing out to them that the criticism is harsh or unjust. The same thing applies as regards family criticism. But it often happens that a Government must bear silently all kinds of hostile criticism, being restrained from reply by sound reasons of State policy. Every one who has been versed in matters of government knows this, and must have often felt that a single sentence, which, however, cannot *then* be spoken, would amply answer the hostile criticism which the Government has to endure.

There is one thing which is often forgotten in criticizing the action of Government. It is that very few persons are concerned in this action — sometimes only two or three. It is true that those two or three frequently know more about the subject than all the world besides. But it is a hard thing for them to meet and reply to

the criticism of the whole world. If people in general saw this matter in its true light, they would, from their love of fairness, and from their anxiety to protect the weaker side (*weaker numerically*), beware of giving too much weight to hostile criticism when directed against any one of the various departments into which Government is, necessarily, divided.

Arthur Helps.

SELFISHNESS, when it is punished by the world, is mostly punished because it is connected with egotism. A man may help himself to an exorbitant portion of the good things of this life, if he will only keep quiet about it, and not obtrude himself upon people's notice. The cat takes the best place in the room, and nobody grudges it to her, because her purring satisfaction is not loudly obtruded on the company. But to bask like a cat in the warmest place, and scream like a parrot, will never do.

It is not by any means of necessity that selfishness and egotism are combined: they are two distinct qualities. But frequently they run into one another; and then selfishness is liable to be punished for the faults of its noisy mate.

Arthur Helps.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.
ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

WE believe that every one who reads at all, every one to whom books were anything in childhood—and it may be taken for granted that all readers in manhood were readers in childhood—every man who ever took up a book for his diversion, can look back to some particular book as an event in his inner history; can trace to it a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind in channels unknown before, but since familiar and part of his very being. He perhaps wonders how the book, being such as it is, should have wrought such marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: he was different after reading it from what he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extended, his sense of life quickened. And he will surely find that the book thus influential came to him by a sort of chance, through no act of authority or intention. He seemed to find it for himself: it was a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work; but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

Books are founders of families as well as men—not meaning the great books, the folios that overshadow the world of thought and teach ages and generations to write and think with a family likeness—the *Aristotles*, *Augustines*, *Bacons*, and so forth; but books of infinitely less weight, composed under certain conditions of fervour and vivacity. For we take it that no book gives the start we mean, let who will be the author, which was not composed in heat of spirit to satisfy a necessity for expression, and with a vigour of execution.

It may be granted that of all reading, novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises—one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbour, or a nap, or a game at bezique, would fulfil every pur-

pose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands—that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none—we might almost say, the foremost part in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him—not the nursery, school-room, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth-of-gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its power lay—that is, unless his lucky star threw some masterpiece in his way, such as "*Ivanhoe*," entrancing to childhood, and still delightful at every age. But this is a chance. The exquisite vision of life may have come in the shape of a classical story—the action is stilted to his mature taste, the language turgid. Or in a tale of chivalry, he can only laugh now at impossible feats of heroism. It may have been an historical romance, such as *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, which Thackeray harps upon: the whole thing strikes him as at once false and dull. It may have been a tale of passion, flimsy to his mature judgment, though the author's heart was in it. His mind can scarcely, by an effort, revive even a faint echo of the old absorbing excitement; but not the less is he sensible of a lasting influence—a permanent impression following upon the first enchantment.

Who that has felt it but will class such hours among the marked ones of his life? What a passionate necessity to unravel the plot, to pursue the hero in his course; what a craving for the next volume, stronger than any bodily appetite; what exultation in success; what suspense when the crisis nears; what pity and tears in the tragic moments; what shame in these tears—the shame that attends all strong emotions—as they are detected by unsympathizing, quizzing observers: shame leading to indignant, protesting, pertinacious denials, haunting the conscience still, and deceiving

no one! What a blank when the last leaf is turned, and all is over!

Who cannot contrast the weariness with which he now tosses the last novel aside, with the eager devices of his childhood to elude pursuit and discovery, to get out of earshot, or to turn a deaf ear, when the delightful book is in his grasp which is to usher him into another world? What ingenuity in hiding, behind hedges, in out-houses and garrets—nay, amongst the beams and rafters of the roof, to which neither nurse nor governess, nor mamma herself, has ever penetrated. Even the appearance of the book devoured under these circumstances lives a vivid memory—torn page, thumb-marks, and all. But it is the way of such things to disappear when their mission is accomplished—to elude all search; though for some we would willingly give as much as ever book-hunter did for a rare pamphlet.

If it were possible, as has been more than once attempted, by a system of rigorous and vigilant exclusion, to confine an intelligent child's education within certain exactly defined limits—to impart what is called an admirable grounding in all exact knowledge, and at the same time to shut out every form of fiction from the mind—to allow it to receive no impressions through the fancy—to compel its powers of thought and perception into one prescribed direction,—to suffer it to read and hear nothing but fact, to imbibe nothing but what is called useful knowledge, to receive its history purified of all legend, its grammar without illustration, its arithmetic without supposed cases, its religion through direct precept only—and to compare it with another child of equal age and powers, which had learnt nothing laboriously, nothing but through unrestricted observation and the free use of its senses—knowing nothing that lessons teach, reading, if it could read, only for amusement,—but familiar from infancy with legendary lore, fairy tales, and the floating romances of social life,—some interesting conclusions might be drawn. As the first case is an impossible one, we can only surmise which mind would be most developed, which would be possessed of the truest, because most clearly and largely apprehended knowledge. Either system is mischievous followed out at its full length: these victims of experiment or neglect would each be wanting, perhaps permanently, in supremely important elements of intellectual power; but there is no doubt what would be the voice of experience as to the extent of loss where the higher faculties are in question.

All the men of genius who tell us anything of themselves give it—whether intentionally or not—in favour of feeding and exciting the imagination from the first dawn of thought, as a condition of quickening that faculty in time, and sustaining the human race at a due elevation.* There are indeed dry men, who are satisfied with the restrictive system which made them what they are, by stopping some of the mind's outlets for good and all; while Fancy's child, on the contrary, is often painfully conscious of something missing, some strength needed to carry out the brain's conceptions: but satisfaction with an intellectual status is no warrant for its justice. The poet has both types in his thought when he pictures the model child, the growth of the system of his day, as

“A miracle of scientific lore.

Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the policies of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs;
All things are put to question; he must live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;”

and contrasts the little prig with the child expatiating, all unconscious of self, in the free range of fiction and fairy-land. It is thus Wordsworth congratulates Coleridge on their mutual escape:—

“Oh! where had been the man? the poet
where?—

Where had we been, we two, beloved friend,
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and
noosed,

Each in his several melancholy walk;
Stringed, like a poor man's heifer, at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather, like a stalled ox, debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may not
taste

A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe?”

* Bearing upon our subject is a well-considered lecture recently delivered and since published by Lord Neaves on “Fiction as a means of Popular Teaching.” The line of thought leads him chiefly to dwell on the value of parable and fable as moral teachers for all time and every age. His numerous examples in prose and spirited verse are not only apt and varied, but show a familiar acquaintance with the literature, both European and Oriental, of the subject.

It is common, however, for men of genius to complain in their own case of a defective intermittent education in a tone which gives it for elaborate training: it is their grievance against their special belongings or against society generally. They assume their imagination a giant no chains could have bound; while exacter, more varied, and deeper knowledge would have added strength and power to their crowning faculty. We discover this querulous humility in men who have acquired distinction; to whom, therefore, the world allows the privilege of talking about themselves. They are aware of inequalities, and perhaps feel themselves pulled back by deficiencies which would not have disturbed them had their education been more regular and systematic at some early period when they were left to themselves, and allowed to follow their own devices. Under the desired circumstances their powers would have been more on a level. This is probable, but the level might be attained through the checked exuberance of their highest and most distinguishing faculty; a sacrifice they would be little prepared for, though the average of capability might be raised.

Mr. Galton, in his work on hereditary genius, asserts genius to be irrepressible. To us it seems, like all other kindling matter, to need a spark; and whatever is not inherent, but imparted, may be wanting. It may be wanting either through abject circumstances, or effectual repression in childhood, the period when the divine touch is given — given in some moment of careless leisure, through the medium of delight, using fancy for its ministrant. There is a critical moment in childhood when it is open to impressions with a keener apprehension than at any other period of existence. Scenes and images strike on the dawning mind, and elicit a flash of recognition, which later on in life, and taken in through gradual processes, would effect no such marvel. It is perhaps when the first glimpse of the possibilities of life falls on a just-awakening intelligence that the light is caught most readily, and tells most lastingly on the intellect. The idea must not only interest, it must be new — something hitherto undreamt of. A child's first apprehension of poetic fiction is a revelation, — fiction, that is, that either tells something absolutely new, like the heroic aspect of life — great deeds and wonderful adventures — or which gives an insight into the passions, the stir, and excitement of manhood. Nothing written for children can produce this commotion in the whole nature; it must be something absolutely out of the sphere

of experience, representing life in a new and wonderful aspect, of which before there was no conception, and which yet is recognized at once for truth. And, as we have said, it must be come upon by accident and at unawares. There is fiction, noble fiction, in all classical training; but men don't look back upon their lessons for the moment of illumination we speak of. Probably it has come before to them; for early childhood is the time when wonder, curiosity, expectation, susceptibility, and pleasure itself, are separate from personal consciousness. It is when a child is lost in a book or heroic tale, to the utter forgetfulness of self, that the germ springs into life. The poet is *made* as well as born. It is here that the making begins. Walter Scott had received his bent at three years old, long before he could read, when he shouted the ballad of Hardyknute to the annoyance of his aunt Janet's old bachelor visitors.

Children's tales of the moral sort, however well told, and however valuable for safe reading and innocent amusement, work no wonders of this kind. A child's story deliberately treats of matters with which the child is familiar: all the grown-up characters are drawn from his point of view. Miss Edgeworth wrote nothing better than *Simple Susan*, but it touches on no new ground. No one looks back upon it as a starting-point of thought. Still less influential in this direction are those that draw society; that bring boys and girls together, and make them talk and act upon one another as it is supposed that boys and girls do act. At best, a child learns appropriate lessons for its own conduct from them. Miss Sewell's valuable tales on the one hand, and *Tom Brown* on the other, open out no vision of life; they are not of the fiction that sows the seeds we mean, though they induce swarms of imitators amongst their older readers and admirers: no doubt, for one reason, that a child's criticism, its questioning satirical temper, is at once roused — the posture of mind least akin to inspiration. In the domestic tale there is a constant appeal to the probable. Here the child cannot but feel as a judge. It has quick sight to detect bombast and want of nature, which might have passed current in unfamiliar scenes, and enacted by men and women. And because verse is more out of the range of a child's critical judgment than prose, and a tale sung is lifted into a higher region than a tale said, we find romance in harmonious numbers take the first place as instigator and stimulant to the latent spark of genius. How much of our poetry, for instance, owes its start to Spenser! when

the "Fairy Queen" was a household book, and lay on the parlor window-seat! Before the drawing-room table had a literary existence, the window-seat fulfilled its function as the home for the light literature of the day. The parlor window was the form of popularity Montaigne affected to despise and dread for his essays, as placing him within everybody's reach—not of critics only. Clearly the window-seat was better adapted for the explorations of childhood than its modern substitute, as being easily climbed into, more snug and retired, a miniature study, in fact, presenting a hiding-place from curious observers behind the curtain; and the window itself, a ready resource for wandering eyes, when the labour of reading, of attention, even of excitement, demanded a pause. "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Johnson of Cowley, "in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. "Such are the accidents," he goes on to say, "which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius." With his self-chosen studies Cowley acquired that disinclination for the asperities of a formal education which mature genius so often laments, "and he became such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules of grammar." Pope says, "I read the 'Fairy Queen' with infinite delight at twelve." Dryden calls Milton the poetical son of Spenser; and all recent biography gives to Spenser the same pre-eminence as a prompter of the nation's genius. And this not only because the flow of his verse and his charm of narrative naturally attract children, but that the brilliancy and the strangeness and the utter difference between life as he draws it, and life as the child knows it, especially qualifies it for the work. The "Fairy Queen" does not so much suggest imitation as other poems do of equal power, but it awakes a faculty. The poets adduced never followed their first teacher; they caught nothing from him but the impulse—the flash. Another remarkable and eventful impulse of the same nature, and for the same reason, was the publication of the "Arabian Nights," awaking power without giving its direction. To this Wordsworth testifies:—

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,
And they must have their food . . ."

In that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,
And in the long probation that ensues
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconciliation with our stunted powers.

. . . Oh! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers
then,

Forgers of daring tales! We bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you; then we feel
With what and how great might ye are in
league,

Who make our wish, our power, our thought a
deed,

An empire, a possession, — ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,
Space like a heaven filled with northern lights
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once: "

and Dr. Newman, in his recollections of early childhood, writes: "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Dryden gives it as his opinion that "it is the genius of our countrymen to improve upon an invention rather than to invent themselves;" and though he is speaking of the obligations of our earlier English poets to Italian sources, rather than of the mission of Oriental fancy to help Western imagination to the use of its wings, yet his argument takes that direction, and shows the necessity of a first impulse from without in opposition to the irrepressible theory lately put forth. No doubt a work of far less decided force of invention falling on a kindred fancy effects the same purpose. We have always regarded the "Autobiography of David Copperfield" as in some points imaging Charles Dickens's own early experiences. When his hero amuses Steerforth at school with repetitions of his early novel-readings, we doubt not they were the tales that had impressed the author's own childhood, and given the bent to his genius. When little Copperfield pays his first visit to Mr. Micawber in the Marshalsea, and recalls on his way Roderick Random's consignment to that dreary prison, and there encountering a debtor whose only covering was a blanket, it was probably the recollection of a similar vivid startling impression on his own feelings which made the humors of prison-life at all times a congenial subject for his pen.

Curiously illustrating this view is Cobbett's history of what he calls the birth of his intellect. Cobbett's was certainly an irrepressible character; but the intellect which gave such weight and impetus to it needed an awakening which, except for an accident, might not have happened in childhood—the age essential for its full development. And unless Swift had chosen to express himself through the medium of fiction (so to call it), his mind, however congenial with Cobbett's, would never have come in contact with it at the impressive period, and probably never at all. It is one of the main gifts of influence to know the right means to an end, and Swift knew invention to be his means, saying, "In my disposal of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys."

"At eleven years of age," (Cobbett writes), "my employment was clipping off box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave me such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set with no other clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese, and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny that I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red gaiters tied under my knees, when starting about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub, price threepence.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then I could not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till

the birds in Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. . . . I carried it about with me wherever I went, and when I—at about twenty years old—lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Who can tell how much Cobbett's admirable style, so remarkable in a self-educated man, turned upon an early acquaintance with such a model? The choice and collocation of words owe much to early preference, and the rhythm which first charms the ear.

The child's first visit to the theatre plays a telling part in the memory of genius. Our readers will recall Charles Lamb's vivid recollections of his first play, "Arcturxerxes," seen at six years old, when the green curtain veiled heaven to his imagination—when, incapable of the anticipation, he reposed his shut eyes in the maternal lap—when at length all feeling was absorbed in vision. "I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all, was nourished I could not tell how." And Walter Scott, at four, shouting his protest, "But aunt, they brothers?" as Orlando and Oliver fought upon the Bath stage. Goethe's childhood-recollections are all of the theatre and living actors and puppets, his earliest and lasting inspiration. But the excitement of the scene commonly makes a child too conscious of the present, and of his own part in it, for the magic of new impressions to work undisturbed. A clever child is stimulated to immediate imitation of what it sees. The sight of the actors, the gaudy accessories, the artificial tones, lower the level. The noblest language, the most impressive scenes, don't work on the mind as they do pictured by the busy absorbed fancy. No child reading "Macbeth" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream" could conceive the idea of composing a play; but, taken to the theatre, play-writing proposes itself as an obvious amusement. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said Southey, at eight years old an *habitué*, "to write a play." "Is it, my dear?" said the lady he addressed. "Yes," he answered; "for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it:" a notion very current with children, who expect the words to come with the situation, but unpromising for future success. We find always a period of gestation between the first prompting and great achievement.

The most striking conjunction of favoura-

ble circumstances for intellectual education is seen where severe study imparts the strength essential to the forcible development of ideas, and gives vigour to the mind's conceptions, yet leaves leisure and opportunity in the season of "unperilous choice" for the due working and entertainment of happy accidents; infusing new images through the medium of pleasure, the more delightful from an experience of task-work and labour imposed. The intellect labours still, but it rejoices even in a strain to full tension, exacted neither by duty nor teacher's will, but by curiosity catching a glimpse of what life may be, and what the world offers, to its choicer spirits. Where to these is added the excitement of stirring times, and the clash and conflict of great interests, we recognize the circumstances under which Milton's genius developed itself, and later on the school of our Lake poets. Sometimes great political events are sufficient of themselves to give the stimulus to childhood, providing they are viewed from a sufficient distance, and are absolutely removed from personal participation. In times of great wars, great tragedies, great discoveries, vast social changes, indelible impressions are made on the minds of children, who hear of them as they hear a fairy tale, or the things that happened once upon a time. We see such an influence telling on the little Brontë children, in their remote seclusion, who lived in a permanent excitement about the Duke of Wellington, and used to invent stories, of which the Marquess of Douro was the hero. But infancy rarely gets the proper ring of these public stimulants. In wealthy well-regulated households the children are in the nursery when telegrams bring their startling news, and the paper at the breakfast-table tells of the hero falling in battle, of great cities besieged, of new lands discovered, the earth's treasures brought to light, kings dethroned, emperors taken captive, and a nation's joy suddenly turned to mourning. Therefore, still to prefigure the turns and shocks of fate — the deeper emotions of manhood — and to prepare heart and soul for their keen reception and eloquent portrayal, must infancy be fed on fictitious wonders, joys, and sorrows, and so learn the difference between life as the mass use and treat it, and life in its nobleness, its fascinations, its capabilities; thus providing it with a pictured experience and standard of comparison.

As the world goes, however, it is not only that the child is out of sight of excitements, but that the excitements of common life are small and piecemeal; intolerable to

eager expectation, if this be really all. Life is rarely seen in picturesque circumstances; where it is, doubtless it makes a deep impression. Any disinterested emotion from public events leaves an indelible mark on the memory of childhood. To find mamma crying "because they have cut the Queen of France's head off," was an intellectual stimulus of the noblest sort for little girls fourscore years ago, but one which does not often come in the way of little girls. We old folks cannot regret the humdrum exterior of our insular existence (if in the painful — we trust it may also be passing — excitement of fierce war between neighbour nations we may use the expression), knowing that emotion means discomfort and worse. We are content that the infant should establish it as an axiom that grown-up people do not cry, nor allow themselves in any turbid irregularities. It is well that joys and griefs should hide their disorder from young eyes troublesomely inquisitive in such matters, and treasuring up in memory every abnormal display of passion as something rare and startling — if seen, that is, under dignified or elevating circumstances, for the excesses of ill-temper are not what we mean. Not the less is it part of a really liberal education to know of such things with realizing power; one, we assert, which fiction can alone adequately perform. History tells of great sorrows and great successes, but it is only poetry and fancy that can make them felt. It was the old woman's stories, listened to by Burns — she who had the largest, wildest collection in the whole country, of tales and songs about witches, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, and dragons — that enlarged his imagination for the reception of heroic fact, and made reading the lives of Hannibal and William Wallace such an epoch. History of itself, eagerly apprehended in childhood, ministers to personal ambition; and premature ambition does not, we think, lead to the fulfilment of its hopes. The boy who devours Plutarch's lives of great men, hopes to rival them. Fiction proper induces dreams, it may be, of personal aggrandizement, but it more naturally sets the child upon weaving tales of his own, in which self is forgotten.

But if works of fancy perform such wonders on the masculine mind — if to it men of genius trace their first consciousness of thought, the beginning of their present selves — much more is this the case with women. If women, learning fact in a slipshod, inaccurate, unattractive way, are at the same time cut off from fiction, as by some strict, scrupulous teachers they are,

where is the wonder if their interest and intellect alike stand at a low level? Miss Thackeray's sleeping beauty, before the awakener comes, personates with little exaggeration the mental famine in which some girls grow up to meagre womanhood, learning dull lessons, practising stock-pieces, hearing only drowsy family talk of "hurdles and pump-handles," and adding their quota to the barren discourse, like Cecilia in the story, with, "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk — didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

There are many women desultory, restless, incorrigible interrupters, incapable of amusing themselves or of being amused by the same thing for five minutes together, who would have been pleasanter and so far better members of society if once in their girlhood they had read a good novel with rapt attention — one of Walter Scott's or Miss Austen's, or, not invidiously to select among modern great names, if the Fates had thrown it in their way, Sir Charles Grandison — entering into the characters, realizing the descriptions, following the dialogue, appreciating the humour, and enchained by the plot. If they had once been interested in a book, their attention once concentrated out of themselves, the relaxed unsteady faculties must have been nerved and tightened by the tonic, not for the time only, but with lasting results.

Very few girls have the chance of thorough good training; nor do we find that women of acknowledged genius have been exceptionally fortunate in this respect. But we find more distinctly in them even than in men the recognition of fiction as the awakening touch, and this often allied with acting, and through the drama. Mrs. Thrale was a pet of Quin's, and taught by him to declaim. At six years old she followed his acting of Cato with absorbed attention. It was one of Garrick's offices to stimulate female genius. He helped to make Hannah More. It is curious in this relation to observe, towards the end of the last century, the success, intellectually speaking, of a girls' school at Reading, conducted by a French emigrant and his wife. Dr. Valpy, indeed, was their friend, and his influence in direct teaching might tell for much, but acting was part of its system. We are not commending this excitement for girls, but merely noting for our argument's sake that three distinguished women, whose names are still household words among us, were pupils at this school — Miss Mitford, Mrs. Sherwood, and Jane Austen. Any reader acquainted with Miss Mitford's

works will recall a very bright account, in her most glowing effusive vein, of a school-play, and of the girls who acted it. On Mrs. Sherwood, her much-enjoyed residence at this school, and share in its excitements, made as deep an impression; though she dwells on her school-days avowedly to lament the want of religious training — a deficiency, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. As for Jane Austen, she went to this same school at Reading, when too young to profit much by the instruction imparted there, because she would not be parted from her elder sister Cassandra; but deep impressions may be given and thought awakened before lessons of much consequence are learnt. Here the taste for private theatricals was probably acquired which suggested such admirable scenes in Mansfield Park.

But at this date, when education proper was not thought of for girls, the drama had everywhere an educational part to play. Madame de Genlis, as a child of five, enacted Love with such grace, and looked so charming in fitting costume — pink silk, blue wings, quiver, bow, and all — that her mother had several suits of it made for week-day and Sunday, only taking off the wings when she went to mass. At about the same age she read Clélie, Mile. de Scudery's wonderful romance of ten volumes, with its map of the kingdom of tenderness; caught the infection before she could write, and dictated novels in her turn. These novels of Mile. de Scudery, prolix to the utmost point of unreadableness, were supreme influences in their own day. The offspring of a genuine enthusiasm in their author, the fact that they took time, and protracted the *dénouement* beyond the capacity of modern patience, did not prevent the youth of her day devouring them with an enthusiasm as ardent, and they were fit instruments for the purpose we indicate. Both for knowledge of character, in however quaint disguise, and power of description, they bear favourable comparison with many a popular novel of our day, while in elevation of sentiment they stand on a higher level altogether than our own sensational literature. We find the same combination of acting and novel-reading in the childhood of Madame de Staël, though she came into the world when education had been started as the favourite theme of the philosophers, and women took it up as the panacea with more than manly faith. Fancy was then in disgrace. Madame Necker objected to novels — her daughter must receive a severe classical training; and Madame de Genlis, who felt teaching her

speciality, and in her capacity of educationist would have quenched the Fairy Tale once for all, longed to take the clever girl in hand "to make a really accomplished woman of her." But the drama and the novel were not the less a necessity and passion for the child of genius who cut out paper kings and queens, and gave them each their heroic or passionate part, and undutifully smuggled *Clarissa* under her lesson-books, declaring years after that *Clarissa's* elopement was one of the great events of her youth. But novels read in childhood, whether by Scudery or Richardson, imparted little of their own tone; this was all caught from society and the family, from the living voice of the practical view of things taken by the world around. Their influence might thus seem to be rather intellectual than moral, though we would not presume on this notion so far as to suffer a child knowingly to read what offends propriety or right feeling.

The child awaking to its powers, begins to be the same self it will be to the end, occupied in the same speculations, open to the same interests. With relation to society it knows itself a child; but in its inmost consciousness, from early boyhood to old age, it knows no change. To this innermost consciousness the class of children's books proper, with their juvenile feats and trials and lessons, ministers nothing. They are too easy to understand — they keep the mind where it is, instead of stretching it out of itself. They have indeed a most valuable purpose; where they are to be had they are practically essential for the average run of children. Yet the genius did, in fact, very well without them. As Walter Scott says, in recalling his first acquaintance at seven with *Hotspur*, *Falstaff*, and others of Shakespeare's characters, — "Children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to children's understanding. Set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out."

It is a very natural prejudice, if only a prejudice, to assume that the nature of the fiction that influenced the first thought of ourselves and our ancestors is better suited to the work than what characterizes our own age; but we believe there is reason in the view. The more invention is pure and direct, the less it is mixed with analysis and elaborate psychological speculation, the less it inquires into causes, or stops a plain tale at every turn to tell the reason why, the more congenial it is to a fresh and hungry curiosity. The structure of all the poetry

and fiction recorded to have wrought marvels upon infantile brains is simple, and may be fully apprehended; while the high and deep thought beneath bides its time, and grows with the growth. Spencer, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and much of Wordsworth, are all adapted to every stage of thinking humanity. The boast of our own age is the reverse of simplicity. Men not only do things, but the reader has to get to the bottom of why they do them. All the science of instinct is investigated to account for each action. The reverencers of that "wonderful poem" and nine times told tale, "The Ring and the Book," think it small reproach that no child could read it — that he would probably feel repulsion towards it rather than attraction; but the poetry that repels childhood wants one main stay of fame and continuance. The sensational novel is as little adapted to a child's taste, with its stock corps of knaves, dupes, villains, and favourites of fortune. He may run through it for the incident, but it can make no footing in the memory. The superior claims on sympathy of vice over virtue is an acquired idea. As an educator it is nowhere, for it damages the intellect as much as the moral nature to be early entangled in the quandaries of crime and a polluted conscience; to view them with the feelings rather of a participator and condoner than a judge. As for the drama, no plays now answer so well as the detestable burlesque — a wallowing in the mire — which no child could relish, after it understood the end and aim, without permanent moral and intellectual degradation.

The motives now for exercising invention are of a more plodding commonplace order than they were of old, when praise rather than solid pudding was the inducement to the pains of composition. The knack of writing novels with ease, and putting together creditably imaginary talk, incident, and description, is an acquirement of our time. It is astonishing how many people can do it well who would not have dreamed of putting pen to paper a hundred years ago. Then it was considered necessary to have a story to tell as a preliminary — the novelist's capital, so to say. It is clear that this is quite a secondary condition in much modern novel-writing. Start your characters, and the story is expected to evolve itself. There must be plot and story, in the true sense of the words, to engage and hold a child's attention. But Nature is not lavish of this crowning effort of invention, so that the quantity of our so-called fiction tells nothing for the extent of its influence;

while the direction it takes, either as being didactic, and obtruding a moral or philosophic purpose, or as ministering to a base rather than an aspiring curiosity, or as surveying things with a nicety and minuteness of investigation alien to the spirit of childhood, seems still to throw us back upon the old models—the few typical achievements of genius—as the natural chosen nurses and cultivators of the highest faculties,—models which probably owe their form and excellence to some remote originator; for as there is nothing so rare as invention in its strictest sense and highest walk, it follows that of inventors proper, whether in verse or prose, there must be fewer than of any other class the world owns.

From The Spectator.

SCIENCE IN ITS CONDESCENDING MOOD.

ONE of the most impressive incidents of the very interesting ceremonial which took place on occasion of the laying of the first stone of the new buildings for that great Lancashire "University of the busy," Owens College, Manchester,—and let us here breathe parenthetically the hearty wish that funds may flow in upon it from every side,—was the *entente cordiale* established between Theology and Science in the persons of the Bishop of Manchester and Professor Huxley, of whom it may perhaps be said, without any extreme figure of speech, that "like torrents from a mountain source, they rushed into each other's arms." Science has, indeed, been in the relenting mood lately towards the clergy, only there has been the flavour of compassionate toleration about the language of the scientific high priests which hardly looks like any sense of equality or really reciprocal desire to learn, each from the other. As the Bishop of Manchester observed, probably with great justice, as well as with that deeper sense of humility which becomes the Christian side of the controversy, he (the Bishop) reads the speculations of the physical philosophers with the profoundest interest, probably with "much more interest than they would bestow on any speculations of mine." And that is quite the impression which the benignant language of the great physicists, as they encourage the clergy to go on in their praiseworthy endeavour to open their minds to truth, leaves upon us. For example, Professor Tyndall, at the British Association, was quite kindly in his language towards this well-meaning class of persons, whom he treated as a form

of very slow boys needing a great deal of patience, but to whom it was possible to teach something at last,—a view to which we are far from denying a certain amount of truth, could the men of science only see that there is a converse to it more or less applicable to themselves. "Clergymen," said Professor Tyndall, in this gracious mood, "have as strong a leaning towards scientific truth as other men, only the resistance to this bent,—a resistance due to education,—is generally stronger in their case than in others. They do not lack the positive element, namely, the love of truth, but the negative element, the fear of error, preponderates,"—an account of the matter which seems more affable than accurate, if Professor Tyndall's account of the distinctive attitude of a man of science in these matters,—that he has "as little fellowship with the Atheist who says there is no God, as with the Theist who professes to know the mind of God,"—be a correct one. In that case, surely, the blunder of the believer in Christian theology is not due to the negative characteristic of fearing error too much, but rather to the positive characteristic of loving too much that which is not, in Professor Tyndall's belief, truth. What the Christian Theist clings to, is the knowledge he has received, or believes that he has received, of the character and actions of God, and no reasoning in the world can ever prove that this is a "negative element" due to the fear of error.

Then, as to Professor Huxley, it might seem at first sight that he sincerely wishes for an *entente cordiale* between faith and science, for he exclaimed in his heartiest way in reference to Bishop Fraser's speech, "It embodied a spirit and a feeling which have not always been exhibited by men in his position. *O si sic omnia!* Had such men always filled the Episcopal office, and had the same spirit always animated the Non-conformist ministers as that which has been expressed by my friend who has just sat down, I incline to think there would have been no cause of antagonism between science and religion, an antagonism which does not really exist, but which is the artifice and creation of men." Yet we cannot help saying, notwithstanding our profound respect for the intellect of Professor Huxley as one of the most real and sincere, as well as one of the most commanding now amongst us, that this does read to us exceedingly like an amiable flourish of after-dinner geniality. Does Professor Huxley sincerely believe that his lay sermon on the parable of the automaton chess-player, and the battle of life as carried on between man

and the inexorable forces of nature,—a battle from which he so carefully sought to exclude the influence of faith,—is not in the distinctest possible contradiction to the spirit of religion, at least as that spirit is understood by at least nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand who use the term at all? Are not his favourite “agnostic” creeds, and the altar on which he has more than once professed to lay his offerings,—that inscribed “to the Unknown God,” absolutely hostile to that enthusiasm of love to God and faith in God which are the simplest and most universal elements of a “religious spirit”? You may feel wonder and awe for “the impenetrable mystery and secret of the universe,” but you cannot feel love and faith. When the Bishop of Manchester said, in reference to the labours of Professor Huxley and his colleagues, “I ask him, and those who were with him, whether, after all these physical, material, and intellectual theories which they hold have been developed to the uttermost, they will solve the problem of the great moral and spiritual phenomena with which men are surrounded, and whether there is not also a place for us poor parsons as well as for men of science and philosophers?” Professor Huxley would, we believe, if he had answered candidly, have replied in the negative to both assertions. He would have said, “Certainly our theories, however complete, will never solve the problem of the great moral and spiritual phenomena with which men are surrounded; but none the less I must reply that there is *not* a place for you poor persons as well, if, instead of assuming indeterminate problems as indeterminate, and solving them practically by the best lights you can, you will assume that you have transcendental solutions of these problems, for which there is no sort of evidence, and speak of certain hypotheses which are to my mind not only doubtful, but highly improbable, as if they were at the very core of truth.” Again, to Bishop Fraser’s fine appeal to the men of science:—“If they will only believe that we are not sceptics in disguise, or charlatans trying to palm off upon the world something that has been found to fail; if they will only believe that we want to tread as they tread, calmly, step after step, where we find our remedies have succeeded, I think they will allow that we are searching after truth,—the only truth that I care to find,—practical truth,—truth that will elevate man in the scale of being, and I think they will admit that we are trying to follow out truth by strictly scientific methods,”—we believe that Pro-

fessor Huxley in less genial moments would have replied that while he gives such men as Dr. Fraser full credit for not being charlatans, and for heartily believing what they profess to believe, yet that he could not at all admit that in their mode of dealing with misery and crime they are following genuinely scientific methods, since their method, involves asking people to accept not merely provisional human principles, like self-denial and love of your neighbour, as a cure for the evils of the world, but speculative beliefs of a highly transcendental kind as the life and root of those principles. He would have said “When we scientific men discover a remedy for any physical evil, say small-pox, the rationale of which we do not understand, we do not put our remedy on any other than empirical grounds; we say,—where it has been tried there have been so many fewer illnesses and deaths than where it has not been tried, but we do not say,—believe this or that theory as to the ultimate source of the disease in order that you may have faith in our remedy. And so you ‘poor parsons,’ if you want to follow a strictly scientific method, should say,—practise the life of disinterested labour and self-denial, and you will find the moral benefit; but you should not say,—believe in this historical revelation of the divine character, of which the evidence is to many minds quite inadequate, *in order* that you may be the better able to live a life of disinterested labour and self-denial.” We cannot feel any doubt, with the knowledge we have obtained of Professor Huxley’s mind by constant study of his lay sermons, but that this is his real view of the matter, if, indeed, he did not virtually betray it to be so, even at Manchester, by the “conspicuous absence” of speculative theological and moral studies from the list he gave of lessons which he considered essential to supplement the lessons of physical science. He dilated on the importance of a class of lessons which kept scientific men from becoming “dry as dust,” on the value of history, especially on account of “the enthusiasm” which, according to Goethe, the knowledge of history imparts; he dwelt on the study of the beautiful, in art and music; but he completely omitted from his list of lessons which save men from being dry as dust the one alluded to by Bishop Fraser as lying at the root of what may be called moral medicine,—the lesson, which if it only be true, clearly does more than any other,—create rivers of water in a dry place, and turn “the dry ground into a springing well.” It can hardly be doubted, we think, that in declaring that could all

the clergy only take Bishop Fraser's liberal ground, "there would have been no cases of antagonism between science and religion, — an antagonism which does not really exist, but which is the artifice and creation of men," Professor Huxley was scarcely true to his own more deliberate faith, — was, for a moment, sinking his convictions in his geniality.

For in fact, however condescending modern science may be in its sociable after-dinner moods, those who represent best its most characteristic types of thought are religious men only in one sense, — in admitting that awe and wonder are the natural and legitimate attitudes of the mind towards the creative principle, while strenuously denying that anything sufficiently specific is known of that original cause to justify faith and love. And they deny it not only in fact, but in principle. Their only canon of proof is that laid down by Professor Tyndall, who asserted at Liverpool that the assumption that Professor Huxley is a reasonable being is merely a working hypothesis grounded on the observation that he usually behaves as if he were one, — a "working hypothesis" not, on the whole, so sure as that which concludes the existence of an undulating ether, on the ground that the phenomena of light occur precisely as if there were such an ether. Apply such a doctrine as this to the religious sense, and it would naturally yield that which we see reason to think our great physicists really hold, — namely a profound justification for awe and wonder in relation to the creative cause, but no justification for the feelings entertained by Christians, or even Theists, towards a God infinitely holier (in the best sense we can give to that word) as well as wiser than man. The modern science, disguise it as we may, rejects all evidence of causes, whether called divine or not, which cannot be verified, as "working hypotheses" in science are verified, by minute explanation of what is known and minute prediction of phenomena hitherto undiscovered and unknown, but discovered by the aid of the hypothesis itself. Bishop Fraser and Messrs. Tyndall and Huxley may dine together as often as they please and unite as heartily as they may on the neutral ground of institutions like Owens College, but they will never reconcile their real premisses of thought, as Professor Huxley in his benignant mood was almost inclined to fancy that they could. The phenomena of the universe, though they are not ultimately inconsistent with the "hypothesis" of what we mean by a perfectly holy God, would never lend that

hypothesis the scientific strength which the physicists demand for their best accredited "working hypotheses." If we have no avenue to God but such as science demands for the scientific discovery of cause, religion in the Christian sense, — an act of faith and love, — is a monstrous pretence. It is impossible to pray to a hypothesis of the intellect. It is a mockery to justify belief in God on the hint of Bishop Fraser, — we do not for a moment suppose that he meant it for an adequate justification of religious belief, — that a strict induction shows that those who hold this belief succeed better in extinguishing the moral evil of the world than those who do not. There is a real antagonism between the assumption of the physicists that all knowledge rests on the same method, the scientific method of proof, and the assumption of the Christian theist, who, if he is clear of head, *must* hold that God can convince the conscience and the heart, of His life and His power, without satisfying the intellect. It is impossible to maintain truthfully, if we accept Professor Tyndall's test of truth, that all the phenomena of the universe happen "as if" they were due to a cause possessing in the highest degree holiness, as human beings interpret holiness. Those of us who hold the existence of such a God with a confidence as profound as we give to our own existence, cannot pretend to do so on the strength of any inductive verification of a working hypothesis. Those who preach, as the physicists preach, that all our knowledge comes in one channel, and is to be submitted to the same tests as our knowledge of inductive science, preach a principle which must be for ever in conflict with religious faith; and it is rather a pity, we think, that this real and profound intellectual issue should be disguised under the *ententes cordiales* of after-dinner reconciliations. Bishop Fraser and Professor Huxley can reverence and respect each other as two men so good and wise ought to do, without either of them blinding himself to the fact that they do hold irreconcilable principles of thought, which no amount of candour and geniality either can or ought to conceal.

From The Saturday Review.

ITALY AND ROME.

THE Italian Government, having once resolved to occupy Rome, wisely determined to employ a force large enough to render resistance impossible. Half of

General Cadorna's army of 50,000 men would have easily disposed of the Pope's remaining troops, but the young and well-born enthusiasts who up to the last moment threatened a useless opposition would scarcely have been induced, even by the commands of the Pope himself, to lay down their arms before two or three times their own number. A siege or an assault would have caused wanton bloodshed, and the inhabitants might have suffered in the contest. The general in command was directed to avoid, in his language and in his acts, all appearance of hostility to the Pope. In taking possession of the city he professed to make an entry, and not to effect a conquest. It is perhaps not surprising that the Pope should, according to the statement of an Ultramontane paper, have informed the Envoy of the Italian Government that he and his employers were no better than whited sepulchres. Transparent fictions, however courteous, are not to be tolerated except when they are used by saintly personages for the service of the Church. More recently the Pope has taken an attitude less manifestly at variance with his actual position, and he has so far submitted to necessity as to invite the presence of Italian troops within the precincts of the Leonine city for the maintenance of public order, and even to consent to an Italian occupation of the Castle of St. Angelo. There is no reason, however, for assuming that he is prepared to compromise pretensions which he has hitherto deemed it sacrilege to call in question. He is perfectly justified in assuming that the offers of the King of Italy are suggested by policy rather than by generosity, and instead of accepting a part of his former possessions as a compensation he may fairly regard the Vatican as a remnant which has for the present been spared by the spoiler. During the remainder of his life he may, unless the Democratic party obtains control of the Italian Government, with perfect impunity denounce the protectors who have taken possession of his property as whited sepulchres and excommunicated usurpers. His successor, although he may be equally entitled to all the indefeasible rights of the Holy See, will not attract the same sympathy when he claims a power which he will not have personally enjoyed. Hereditary right, though it is regarded by theoretical jurists as a creature of positive law, appeals more forcibly to the imagination than any elective function. The future Pope will, as far as temporal sovereignty is concerned, be a Pretender, unconnected by blood with his predecessors who reigned. The divine

right of the present Archbishops of Mayence or Cologne to the principalities which once belonged to their sees is more utterly forgotten than the pretensions of the mediæval secular princes.

The advocates of the Temporal Power justly complain that the Italian occupation of Rome is inconsistent with the rules of international law. By a generalization necessary in municipal and international jurisprudence, all sovereigns are supposed to enjoy equal rights and a common immunity from external interference. On the other hand, war and territorial conquest supersede all existing titles; and the Pope, at worst, only incurs the penalty which in all parts of Europe has again and again attached to the inability of rulers to defend their dominions. The only period of modern history in which the rights of weak sovereigns were in some degree guarded by a kind of federal power was the interval between the Congress of Vienna and the Revolutions of 1848. While the five Great Powers controlled the affairs of the Continent, no Government would have ventured, without previous concert, to have absorbed a neighbouring principality. The seizure by Austria of the free city of Cracow was effected with the sanction of Russia and Prussia, in spite of the remonstrances of England. The system, while it was admirably effective in preserving the general peace, had the defect of relating only to the titles of Governments, to which the interests of subjects were often directly opposed. Before the commencement of the revolutionary period it would have been impossible for Italy to get rid of her petty tyrants; and Germany had not yet entered on the task of completing her national unity. The creation of the Kingdom of Italy was not the result of legal doctrines, but of political and historical causes. The acquisition of Rome and its territories must be defended on the assumption both that the inhabitants desired annexation to the Italian Kingdom, and that the vicinity of a hostile and independent little State was dangerous to Italy. The *Tablet* indignantly declares that the approval of the occupation by the English press deprives England henceforth of all title to the allegiance of Ireland. "If sovereign rights are worthless in Rome, what are they worth in Dublin?" The answer is that, in the opinion of the majority of Englishmen, it is both a moral and a practicable duty to retain the sovereignty of Ireland in spite of the disaffection of a part of the populace. At the same time they hold that Rome will be better governed by the King

of Italy than by the Pope, and they know that the recent change would have long since taken place but for the interference of a foreign Government. The Catholic world, for which the Pope is sometimes said to have held his dominions on trust, abstains from raising through its various Governments any objection to the Italian enterprise. If the Holy See had no special connexion with Italy, the maintenance of an alien State in the centre of the peninsula would have justified a war of conquest. A petty Italian potentate was morally bound to show political deference to the Government which represented the entire nation outside of his borders.

If the question of the expropriation of the Pope is to be considered with reference rather to principles than to facts, it may be remarked that he has consistently elected to rely on a sanction which has nothing to do with international law. In the Syllabus, now retrospectively covered by infallible authority, the Pope has declared that the temporal power is necessary, not for the discharge of mundane duties, but for the due performance of his spiritual functions. It evidently follows that his title would not be invalidated by any degree of misgovernment, or by the incompatibility of his sovereignty with the welfare of Europe or of mankind. The monstrous crimes and follies which are imputed to the Roman Court by Garibaldi in his puerile romance could not, if they were practised in real life, overrule an ordinance of divine and perpetual obligation. The neighbours of an infallible and indefeasible sovereign may naturally complain of the difficulty of dealing with an exceptional and transcendental Power. Encroachment on the sacred domain would, on the principle established by the Pope himself, be not so much a crime as a sin only recognizable by ecclesiastical tribunals. The supernatural remedies against violence are now, as ever, at the uncontrolled disposal of the Pope. In former times they were sufficient to deter hostility as well as to punish it; and if they have now lost their ancient efficacy they cannot be reinforced by the aid of secular Governments. The rules of international law are, like other human compositions, conditional and limited in their effect. Pius IX has habitually disclaimed their binding force by asserting his own incapacity to enter into a contract which might in any respect infringe on the rights of the Church. The proverbial *non possumus* proves to have two meanings, and the Pope must now be content to use the phrase in its literal sense.

If the arguments of the Papal party are either unsound or inoperative against accomplished facts, their apprehensions and regrets are thoroughly well-founded. It is true that the Roman Catholic Church has suffered a heavy blow, and there is every reason to believe that the loss will be progressive. The residue of titular sovereignty is but a paltry substitute for the city and territory of Rome; and the possession of what remains is in the highest degree precarious. In the middle ages the Church gained by almost every transaction, and there were no backward footsteps. Henceforth one advantage and prerogative after another will be withdrawn, and there is no chance of compensation. As Sir G. Bowyer says, an Italian Government may at any time, without waiting for a Papal invitation or permission, send a regiment across the Tiber to suppress disturbances which it may possibly have encouraged. He also reasonably anticipates that the pious adjurations and censures which the Pope has constantly lavished on the King of Italy may hereafter be resented by the suspension of any pecuniary allowances which may have been stipulated or promised. The Prussian Government allowed the King of Hanover a large pension after his dethronement, but when it found that an hostility as implacable as that of the Pope to Italy expressed itself in overt acts, further installments were withdrawn. The Vatican Hill will require supervision as much as the Ghetto, to which the Jews in Rome were restricted by the pious jealousy of the Popes. It will be impossible permanently to tolerate the extravagances of the Jesuit newspapers, more especially since the claim of former Popes to release subjects from their allegiance has become infallibly legitimate. The most hopeless symptom of the Pope's condition is the utter indifference which has attended his fall. The Catholics throughout the world appear to regard the event with indifference; the Protestants themselves are scarcely jubilant in proportion to their ostensible triumph. It may be doubted whether the Italian Government, though it has for the moment baffled its revolutionary opponents, greatly rejoices in the acquisition of an inconvenient capital, or in the humiliation of an enemy who was rather troublesome than formidable. The rest of Europe is sufficiently occupied with matters more important than the collapse of an absolute institution.

From The Economist.
THE DANGER IN CHINA.

THE massacre at Tientsin has turned public attention to our relations with China, and not an instant too soon. Our horror at the savage cruelties perpetrated on the French residents in the Treaty port on the Peiho is merged, as we read between the lines of the sad story, in a more serious feeling—the apprehension of an approaching collision between the Conservative fanaticism of the Chinese and the foreign Powers who are privileged to trade with China. Already the interest excited by the massacre has brought us a mass of evidence direct and indirect which throws much light on the larger and graver question. It cannot be doubted that the jealousy with which the intrusion of the foreigner has always been viewed in China, but which was in some measure held in check by the successes of the French and English arms and the subsequent concessions of the several treaties, has again grown strong and fierce. The outrage at Tientsin—whatever the local or personal influences may have been—was but the culminating outburst of a dangerous spirit which judicious observers say has been gathering force in the Chinese mind. It is disheartening to have to confess this; it is discouraging to be compelled to forecast the further development of this danger. We knew all along that we had got the official and literary class against us; that, in spite of the bland Chinese courtesy and eloquent deceit which fooled poor Mr. Burlingame to the top of his bent, every mandarin in the Empire feared and hated the presence of the Europeans. Western learning they dreaded even more than Western arms, but the immediate terror of the latter kept them quiet for awhile. Meantime we thought we were winning the confidence of the people, and that in a short time their traditional suspicion and hatred of the "foreign devils" would die away. We congratulated ourselves that the envy of the official classes being neutralized the people would soon come to like and trust us. But now it seems this hope was vain. There are some signs that one of those strange unfathomable movements which convulse the great nations of Asia has begun to show its signs on the surface of events. It is from below, not from above, that the swelling impulse comes; and the ruling classes, unable to control it if they would, must now bow down to its force. In these immense densely peopled countries, in China as in India, there comes to light sud-

denly some great national resolve, and we discover afterwards that for years it has been fermenting in the minds of the millions. Where the idea was born no man can tell. First, doubtless, it was whispered vaguely in market-places and bazaars, and talked of in cautious parables in the wretched crowded hovels of the native towns. It infected the peasantry and the artisans, and gradually getting clearer it took root among the higher orders; it bore with severe stress upon the men in power, and came at last to be used as a weapon for ambition. Every popular superstition, every unlucky accident, is worked into the structure of this national impulse, and every trifle becomes a pretext for its outbreak. So it was in India before the Mutiny of 1857, and so it is to-day in China. All the sort of evidence which we had of a threatening movement in India before 1857,—the stories of vague, wild hopes, of old prophecies revived, of belief in the decadence of England, of daily increasing animosity lacquered over with the flowing courtesy of the East,—all this we hear again from residents in China. The masses who, five years ago, were cowed and abject, are now confident and insolent. It is not possible for a foreigner to walk the streets of Peking without being followed by a howling mob. The contempt with which Europeans are treated is becoming more and more exultant. The disasters which the French met with in the Corea are taken as proofs of the weakness of the Western Powers; and the warlike preparations that the Chinese are making—the rifles and the ordnance that they have manufactured after European models, the military stores they have accumulated, and the troops they have disciplined—confirm the popular belief that in another war the foreigners would be defeated and driven out of the "flowery land." With such feelings astir in the national mind, pretexts will easily be found for an outbreak. The story of the greased cartridges was enough to set the match to the prepared explosion that desolated India in 1857. A wilder legend, charging the foreigners with the crime of killing children in order to boil their eyes for drugs, set the ferocious populace at Tientsin upon the French residents. What new invention or old superstition may bring on a more extended catastrophe cannot be foretold, but there are only too many current. At any moment, it is to be feared, there may be an organized and general attempt to expel the foreigners, and then we should find ourselves embarked upon another Chinese war.